

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



DECEMBER 3, 1958

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**COVER: CHUCK CONERLY**

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Art directed by John G. Zimmerman

The look of confident appraisal in the calculating blue eyes of New York Giant Quarterback Chuck Conerly comes from nine years in professional football and reflects the sure wisdom of an old pro. Turn to page 35 for Conerly on football and the 17-17 Giant-Bear standoff.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AT MELBOURNE

DEC.

10

MORE WORDS, MORE PICTURES AND MORE
EXCLUSIVE COVERAGE OF THE OLYMPICS

Also a ringside report on the Patterson-Moore
championship fight, the best Thoroughbreds of
the year—and a quail hunt run in Texas style



HOTBOX



The Question:

*How do you feel about
All-America football teams?*

DONALD A. QUARLES

*Secretary of the
Air Force*



The All-America must have greater ability than others in his area. Publicity gives him a national reputation, but he rates it. The great Otto Graham claims that publicity more than ability helped make him an All-America. I'm sure the pros who played against him don't think so.

ADMIRAL ARTHUR W. RADFORD

*Chairman
Joint Chiefs of Staff*



The All-America team is a great American tradition. Some outstanding players who don't get a volume of publicity are overlooked, but those who are chosen are probably as good, even though they were fortunate in playing on teams that received national publicity.

BOB HOPE

Entertainer



Those picked undoubtedly deserve the honor. But it's the luck of the draw. The Cleveland Browns, the pro national or division champions for 16 years, have very few All-Americans. I'm told Defensive Captain Don Colo was never an All-America. But he was still a great player as a professional.

DAN TOPPING

*Co-trainer
New York Yankees*



It's impossible for a group to pick a college All-America team where the 11 chosen are actually the best players in the country. Only in the pro league, where you can see every man play against every team, is it possible to pick the 11 top stars with absolute conviction.

AL KELLEY

*Head football coach
Brown University*



Every player selected for the All-America team deserves the honor. A player must get publicity to be selected, but he has to be good to get the publicity. However, other players could be selected, and they would deserve the honor. Some All-Americans have failed with the pros.

ROY KELLEY

ECAC football referee



Every All-America must have great ability and be a very exciting player. As Otto Graham said, publicity often gives a man the nod. Many football fans never heard of Tuffy Leemans before he played with the N.Y. Football Giants. Yet to this day he ranks as one of their greatest halfbacks.

RED GRANGE

NCAA Game-of-the-Week sportscaster



Without taking anything from the All-Americans, I'd say that they're all good but not always the best. Although the experts soon see the powerhouses and do their best, I've seen many kids that were never heard of become greater pro players than their teammates who were selected as All-Americans.

GEORGE C. WILSON III

*President
Wilson Chemical Co.*



Publicity is a big factor in the All-Americans, but some college players with great ability earn the respect and admiration of sports writers. They deserve all the publicity they get. The College All-Stars, made up of All-America selections, have licked the champions of the professional league.

MAX KASE

*N.Y. Journal-American
Sports editor*



There is a great deal of merit in these selections. However, there are so many good football players on the national scene that an occasional back who gets the loudest drum beats is picked over better players. The pros know those who are missed and often draft them over the publicized All-Americans.

TED SMITS

*Sports editor
Associated Press*

The All-Americans are built by more than just publicity. The A.P. takes a cold look at all the college players. Take 1928 when we picked Dutch Clark of little Colorado College as the All-America quarterback. A lot of people laughed at us, but we were certain he was the best.

STEVE SEBO

*Head football coach
University of
Pennsylvania*

It's wonderful for a boy and for his school when he makes All-America. But some selections, chosen from many, are criticized. However, there's one way to still all criticism. Instead of choosing just 11 players, why not select a full squad of 35 players as the All-America team?

JIM LEE HOWELL

*Head coach
N.Y. Football Giants*

The All-America selections are a colorful finale to the college football season. To be chosen, a player must have great ability, but an occasional player who doesn't get rave notices is missed. In pro football, I played alongside John Mellus, a star tackle, whom the experts missed.

NEXT WEEK.

Which is more fun to play, college or pro football? (Asked of professionals)

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COMING EVENTS

Nov. 30 through Dec. 9

APR 1992

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Georgia Tech vs. Duke, Atlanta
(Professional)

Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia

Bowling

National Ten Pin All-Star Tournament, Chicago (through Dec. 3)

Boxing

● Archie Moore vs. Floyd Patterson, heavyweight
● title (15 rds.), Chicago, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of decathlon (2nd half), shotput (women), 200-meter run (women), 10,000-meter kayak, and Canoe/Kayak (canoeing), 100-meter freestyle, 200-meter breaststroke (women)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Kansas State vs. Houston, Manhattan Kans. Kenrick vs. Washington & Lee, Lexington, Ky. Niagara vs. Colgate, Canisius vs. Syracuse, Buffalo, N.Y.
North Carolina State vs. Pittsburgh, Raleigh, N.C.
West Virginia vs. WMU, Morgantown, W. Va. (Professional)

Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Boston
New York vs. Syracuse, New York
Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis.

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

● Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia, 1:15 p.m. (NBC-TV) 1:30 p.m. (Mutual-radio). Men to watch: Army's Kysky (42) and Navy's Digham (27).
Boston College vs. Holy Cross, Boston.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Auburn, Birmingham, Ala.
Baylor vs. Rice, Waco, Texas
Clemson vs. Furman, Clemson, S.C.
Florida vs. Miami, Gainesville, Fla.
● Georgia vs. Georgia Tech, Athens, Ga., 1:50 p.m. (ABC)
Mississippi vs. Mississippi State, Oxford, Miss.
Southern Methodist vs. Texas Christian, Dallas
Tulane vs. Louisiana State, New Orleans
Vanderbilt vs. Tennessee, Nashville.

WEST

Missouri vs. Kansas, Columbia, Mo.
Oklahoma A&M vs. Oklahoma, Stillwater, Okla.
Refrigerator Bowl, Sam Houston State vs. Middle Tennessee State, Evansville, Ind.

FAR WEST

New Mexico vs. Colorado A&M, Albuquerque.
● Southern California vs. Notre Dame, Los Angeles, 2 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS).

Hockey

Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto

Horse Racing

The Gallinetti, \$15,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Pimlico, Md.

Malbourne Olympics

Shooting events, finals of freestyle wrestling, basketball, high jump (women), 1,500-meter run, 500-meter kayak (canoeing, women), 1,000-meter kayak and Canoe/Kayak (canoeing), boating, springboard diving, 100-meter freestyle (women), 200-meter butterfly, 400-meter relay (swimming, men and women), 1,600-meter relay (swimming)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2

Basketball

(Professional)
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse

Football

Professional (CBS*)

● Baltimore vs. San Francisco, Baltimore
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Green Bay, Chicago
● Cleveland vs. Philadelphia, Cleveland
● Detroit vs. Chicago Bears, Detroit
● New York vs. Washington, New York
● Pittsburgh vs. Los Angeles, Pittsburgh

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit
New York vs. Toronto, New York

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Kentucky vs. Miami, Lexington, Ky.
Nebraska vs. Iowa, Lincoln, Neb.

Boxing

● Wayne Bethea vs. Zora Foley, heavyweights
● (10 rds.), St. Nick's, 10:30 p.m. (DuMont-TV; Mutual-radio)

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of cycling, shooting, 800-meter relay (swimming)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Baylor vs. Oklahoma A&M, Waco, Texas
Eastern Kentucky vs. Louisville, Richmond, Ky.
Wake Forest vs. North Carolina State, Winston-Salem, N.C. (Professional)
Boston vs. St. Louis; New York vs. Minneapolis, New York
Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Troy, N.Y.

Boxing

Art Aragon vs. Gene Finner, welterweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif.

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of sabre (team) and springboard diving (women).

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Illinois vs. Butler, Champaign, Ill.
Villanova vs. Canisius, Philadelphia

Boxing

● Eddie Machen vs. Johnny Summerlin, heavyweights (10 rds.), Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey

New York vs. Chicago, New York
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of gymnastics (women), jockey, 500-meter backstroke (women), 100-meter butterfly (women).

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6

Basketball

(Leading college game)
Yale vs. Connecticut, New Haven, Conn. (Professional)
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis; Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia

New York vs. Rochester; Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of sabre (individual), gymnastics, Greco-Roman wrestling, hockey, 200-meter breaststroke, 100-meter backstroke, 400-meter relay (women's swimming), high diving, cycling.

Tennis

Interzone Davis Cup Finals, Perth, Australia (through Dec. 8)

U.S. Lawn Tennis Assn. Hard Court Championships, La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club, Calif. (through Dec. 9)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Colgate vs. Columbia, Hamilton, N.Y.
Southern California vs. Wyoming, Los Angeles. (Professional)
Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston
Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse; St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis

Boxing

● Tony Anthony vs. Gordon Wallace, light heavyweights (10 rds.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago

Hunting

Season for Bighorn Sheep, Arizona (through Dec. 16)

Malbourne Olympics

Finals of 400-meter freestyle (women), 1,500-meter freestyle, high diving (women), water polo

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Cincinnati vs. DePaul, Cincinnati
Fordham vs. Yale, New York
Manhattan vs. St. Joseph, NYU vs. Lafayette, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
Navy vs. Pennsylvania, Annapolis, Md.
Nebraska vs. Michigan, Lincoln, Neb.
Niagara vs. Seton Hall, Canisius vs. Louisville, Buffalo
North Carolina State vs. Penn State, Raleigh, N.C.
Northwestern vs. Pittsburgh, Evanston, Ill.
San Francisco vs. Seattle, San Francisco
Southern California vs. Wyoming, Los Angeles
Southern Methodist vs. Minnesota, Dallas
Vanderbilt vs. Mississippi, Nashville, Tenn.
Wisconsin vs. Notre Dame, Madison, Wis. (Professional)
New York vs. St. Louis, Milwaukee
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester

Football

(Leading college game)
● Miami vs. Pittsburgh, Miami, 2:15 p.m. (NBC) (Professional)
● San Francisco vs. Green Bay, San Francisco, 1:30 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS)

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto

Horse Racing

Pointe De Leon Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Tropical Park, Fla.

Malbourne Olympics

Soccer finals, closing ceremonies.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9

Basketball

(Professional)
Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis
Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse

Football

Professional (CBS*)
● Chicago Bears vs. Chicago Cardinals, Chicago
● Detroit vs. Pittsburgh, Detroit
● Los Angeles vs. Baltimore, Los Angeles
● New York vs. Cleveland, New York
● Washington vs. Philadelphia, Washington

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago
New York vs. Detroit, New York

* See local listing

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



GENERAL RIDGWAY

IN HIS recently published memoirs, General Matthew B. Ridgway, one of the 25 judges who this month will make the final selections for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first Silver Anniversary All-America, writes of some values in sport he learned early and which have remained with him throughout his distinguished career.

Reflecting on his tours of western army posts as a boy with his father, Colonel Thomas Ridgway, he says:

Without knowing it, during my life in the western states I had absorbed from my father knowledge and skills that were to serve me well in later years as a field soldier. On hunting trips he taught me to take care of myself in the open, to bed down like a bear whenever night found me. He taught me to love the open country in all its myriad forms—mountain and plain, prairie, desert, and the seashore, and to make myself at home in them. One of the hardships that besets a soldier, therefore—the living outdoors in cold and rain and snow—never greatly bothered me, even in the gray gloom of the Ardennes, the wet and biting cold of Holland, or the often bitter temperatures of Korea.

My love for hunting and fishing, for sleeping under the stars, for hiking over the hills, transcends the atavistic yearning that is in all of us to get away from cities into cleaner air. For me, life in the open has always been a deep spiritual experience that cleanses the soul of doubts and fears. The intangible things in life are the most real, and my most vivid memories are not of battle action, nor of hard decisions made in a time of crisis, but of moods—of deep feelings stirred by the sight of snow gleaming on a far-off mountain peak, the leap of a trout in a stream, the radiance of moonlight on white plum blossoms, the rising of a blue-white star above dark hills.

In varying form, values and experiences like these are inherent in all sport. And General Ridgway's words explain most clearly not only why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is proud to have him on its board of judges but also why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED feels it appropriate to look among football lettermen of 25 years ago for outstanding citizens of today.

Harry Phillips

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



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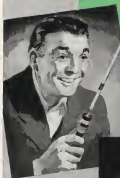
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ATHLETES OF THE WORLD MARCH ONTO PLAYING FIELD OF THE MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND TO OPEN THE 1956 OLYMPICS BEFORE CROWD



WORLD'S EYE ON

by ANDRE LAGUERRE

THE 1956 MELBOURNE GAMES deserve on one count already a special and curious niche in Olympic history. Not since 1936 have the Games opened against such a backdrop of international tension, and yet not in two decades have they begun in such gay harmony and with such a relative absence of the kind of incidents too often associated with important international sporting competition.

War talk was on most tongues as 70,000 athletes, offi-

cials and spectators poured into Melbourne a fortnight ago—so much so, that many wondered if the Games might be canceled or ruined. Avery Brundage set his face firmly against any such notion. Never given to the oversubtle phrase, he bluntly expressed the opinion that "if we held up the Games every time the politicians made a mess of things we would never have them." That was an oversimplification, but it is a fact that the athletes as well as



OF 91,000 SPECTATORS—PICTURE SHOWS RUSSIAN TEAM JUST ENTERING THE ARENA, WITH FIVE PLATOONS OF AMERICANS PRECEDING THEM

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SILK—LIFE

SPORT

Melbourne's Olympic stadium and its adjacent playing fields, now alive with competitors under the strong spring sun of Australia, hold the focused attention of 67 nations as the Games of the XVI Olympiad begin

those enjoying their efforts have so far been notably successful in dissociating their minds from the dangers which plague the universe. That may be an ostrichlike attitude, of course, in which case I can only report that it is very pleasant in the sand down here.

Naturally there was and remains the drama of the Hungarian team. The Hungarian athletes feel keenly their country's martyrdom. They are happier than when they ar-

rived because by now most of them have heard that their families at home are safe, and it is already clear they are going to make a more than honorable showing at the Games. Some of the more excitable of the many Hungarian refugees in Australia would have liked their countrymen to have staged some political demonstration. There was even a plan advanced to sabotage the Russian entry into

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

continued from page 13

the arena. On opening day a member of the Hungarian delegation was supposed to hide in an aisle with a placard marked "Murderers" under his sweat shirt which he was to brandish as he rushed on the field ahead of the Russians. But the majority of the Hungarian athletes were strongly opposed to any such gesture. Apart from the fact that it could have caused a Soviet withdrawal from Melbourne and wrecked the Games, it would have been an illogical act. Once the Hungarians decided to go ahead and compete in the Olympics it would have been silly to have flouted the Olympic rules. It will be a different matter once the Games are over. The athletes will then be individuals on free soil. Estimates (by nonathletic Hungarians) of the number of Hungarian athletes who will not want to go home range between a quarter and two thirds of the entire Olympic delegation.

Aside from the Hungarian drama, though, sweetness and light are rampant. Soviet officials and athletes are friendlier than they have ever been since the war. Up to, and including, the last winter Games at Cortina, the Russians have been unsmiling and inaccessible. Here they are as helpful and charming to interviewers as they are to other competitors. However, the major contribution to the gaiety which surrounds this Olympiad has been made by the Australians themselves. This unaffected nation has thrown itself heart and soul into the Games. Small irritations over flaws in organization on opening day—hammers were still clattering in the stands and a few hours before the first basketball game press tickets had still not been distributed—evaporated in the warmth of Australian kindness and enthusiasm.

Every night, tens of thousands of good-natured Aussies clog Collins and Bourke streets, Melbourne main drag, in the hope of catching sight of some Olympic dignitary or athlete. Hundreds more spend all day outside the jealously guarded Olympic Village, ready to pounce on anyone who looks as though he might be willing to sign an autograph. The garish tinsel and colored lights which decorate the Olympic city send the local columnists into transports of admiration. Every foreigner, and every American in particular, is made to feel like a GI in a liberated country, and

he finds it hard to stay indignant about anything which doesn't work too smoothly.

Melbourne society, self-consciously "Olde Englebbe" in contrast to the man in the street who rarely forgets he is still in a pioneering country, is tremendously worked up over royalty in the city. If a hostess cannot get the Duke of Edinburgh, who opened the Games, to dinner, she can at least aim at Prince Axel and Princess Margrethe of Denmark or at Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg, who are here to watch the sport, or even at Prince Bira of Thailand, who represents his country in the yachting competition. As the Games started the staid Melbourne Age reported the city as "at fever pitch." Other papers were at pains to demonstrate that everything was being laid on for visitors. Melbourne, one paper reported gravely, had blondes who "can say yes in 14 languages." The curious local drinking laws which close saloons at 6 p.m. have been harder to explain. One result of these laws is that Australians carry bottles of beer around with them when they go out at night, and one result of this is that the crash of breaking beer bottles is the inevitable accompaniment to almost any Australian sporting event. It is, in fact, almost as characteristic a national anthem as *God Save the Queen*. After all, there is no point in stuffing one's pockets with empty beer bottles, and if the performers are not so bad as to merit having the bottles thrown at them, what can one do but fight the glass to the floor?

Betting is another Australian mania very inadequately offset by a law which forbids even horse racing papers to publish the morning line. At a pre-Olympic cycling meet on the outskirts of Melbourne last week it was no surprise to find "Honest George" and other bookies with their boards set up, briskly laying odds against American, British and Italian cyclists. What Mr. Brundage would think of an Olympic cyclist who allows himself to be bet on or against, I shudder to think.

The imagination of the nation's youth has been inflamed by the Games and appropriately by its symbol, the torch. The torchbearer has temporarily eclipsed Davy Crockett as the hero of the day, and the countryside is swarming with kids looting along dramatically and waving homemade torches. When the real torch approached Sydney, and was being awaited by a municipal delegation and a large crowd, a student in blue slacks and a white shirt forestalled the

MELBOURNE LIGHTS UP WITH OLYMPIC EXCITEMENT



GARISH LIGHTS, A DETERMINED ASSAULT ON THE LIQUOR CURFEW, LAWN PARTIES WITH AN "OLDE ENGLEBBE" ATMOSPHERE, AND KIDS

genuine runner and clambered up the steps of the city hall with a torch which he thrust into the hand of the mayor, who bowed and got well launched into his speech before he discovered he was holding a flaming tin can mounted on an old chair leg which was still wet with silver paint.

The opening ceremonies, watched by 103,000 fans sweltering in shirt sleeves and red- and green-visored caps, followed the prescribed and familiar Olympic pattern. The Duke of Edinburgh got a cordial but hardly enthusiastic reception when he arrived for the formal opening. For nearly two hours massed military bands entertained the patient fans who had to listen to *Waltzing Matilda* four times. Luckily it's a good tune. Of all the delegations the biggest roar was reserved for the Aussies, but others applauded with particular warmth were the U.S., Great Britain, New Zealand and Hungary. Only half of the Hungarians wore uniforms. This was because they had all ordered new ones in Melbourne without the Communist badge to which they had previously objected in their flag. As only some could be fitted on time, the others wore civilian clothes.

SULTRY SUN

The traditional ceremonies seemed long to some. As the sultry sun sank over the great bowl of the Melbourne cricket grounds, boys holding signs bearing the names of the nations in the middle of the field began to keel over. The fainting was contagious and ambulance men were soon wildly chasing hither and thither. A soldier holding the Olympic flag as it was about to be hoisted passed out abruptly. The acme of incongruity seemed to have been reached when Russia's Galina Zybirina, champion shotputter and reputedly "the strongest woman in the world," also collapsed. None of this interrupted the crowd's continuous cheering, and while it was all going on three elderly British gentlemen were playing bowls on the Melbourne Cricket Club's green next to the arena. They were reportedly only slightly disturbed by the noise. That night the Olympic Games got off to an official start with a basketball game at the Exhibition Building, a small stadium with a tin roof which viciously conserves the day's heat. To the music of disintegrating beer bottles, Formosa China registered a mild upset over Korea.

The track and field events opened quietly at the main stadium on the first day of the Games proper. Officials in

blue jackets and light panama hats marched to and from their posts with precision and in serried ranks, giving the arena the faint aspect of a military camp. The previous day's heat had given way to bitter cold as the women began to qualify for the discus throw and the men for the high jump. Within an hour the first Olympic competitor had been eliminated, a tubby, fair German girl in the discus event. She promptly burst into tears. It was nice to see the traditions being thus respected.

In these first days of the Olympic Games, described in accompanying dispatches from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* experts, certain personalities have already made an indelible mark on public awareness, either in winning or losing. They include two Americans, the sprinter Ira Murchison, who delights crowds with his bouncy warmups and broad smiles before races, and the basketball player Bill Russell, who is a phenomenon entirely new to the Southern Hemisphere. Also old favorites such as Emil Zátopek, who stirred great memories as he waved to the crowd while marching round the stadium, or John Landy, who read the Olympic Oath on behalf of all the athletes and upon whose performance in the 1,500-meter the whole of Australia is waiting with bated breath.

These first days also have graciously given us some sharply etched pictures of valid sporting moments which will endure as long as those who witnessed them can recall their particular glimpses of the ever new beauty of sport. For instance, the picture of an unknown Czech girl, Olga Fikotová, a 24-year-old medical student who less than two years ago abandoned basketball for discus throwing, beating out the heavily favored Soviet women to win the Games' first track and field gold medal—a comely lass in a competition generally peopled by ungainly women; the picture of American youth running so much faster over short distances than the rest of the world that the spectacle became almost monotonous; the picture, above all, of a Russian sailor with a mop of fair hair, Vladimir Kuts by name, running the 10,000-meter race, running in front, running so grimly that he ground opposition beneath his spikes, running so that all marveled at the strength and determination with which his Creator had endowed this human frame; and the picture of the whole stadium rising to acclaim him with an emotion which transcended every kind of worldly barrier. (CNR)



PLAYING TORCHBEARER PROVIDE A COLORFUL Sideshow TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SOLEMN WORDS AS THE OLYMPIC FLAME ARRIVES



ROGER BANNISTER

KUTS THE CAT, PIRIE

England's master miler Roger Bannister analyzes in an exclusive *Sports Illustrated* report the tactics that won the 10,000 meters

THE SKY was still clear but a gusty cross-wind sprang up as the 24 competitors in multicolored vests lined up in three rows for the 10,000 meters, the climax of the first day's track and field.

Emil Zátopek, holder of the Olympic record and winner at the last two Olympics, was not among them despite his conflicting reports over the last two weeks, in best gamemanship manner, that he would or would not run.

Jerzy Chromik, the brilliant Pole, was also a nonstarter, reserving himself for the steeplechase.

Vladimir Kuts secured for himself the inner position on the front row and in his eagerness nearly committed the unforgivable sin of causing a false start in the Olympics' longest track race.

A hungry-looking Gordon Pirie of Britain was close to him with Dave Stephens, Australia's eccentric milkman, and diminutive József Kovács of Hungary near by. Kovács was the first Hungarian distance star to appear on the track, and without his friend, Sándor Iháros, Kovács' performance perhaps would give a pointer to the toll his country's recent strife had taken on his team's running.

At the gun Kuts, a rugged, red-vested figure with head tucked well down, shot into the lead with the tactical finesse of a Russian heavy tank. Pirie, drawn immediately to Kuts as though by a magnet, settled in behind him. Kuts ried off the first of the 25 laps in 61.4 seconds, respectable miling speed and definitely top gear for him. Though this speed merely stretched his lungs a little, it was already separating the men from the boys in the rest of the field.

By the next lap, Kuts and Pirie had settled to a comfortable world 10,000-record speed and were followed by the Australians Lawrence and Power and the Russians Bolotnikov and Chernyavsky. The tiny, 36-year-old dark-skinned Moroccan, Alain Mimoun,

wearing French colors, still with the well-oiled stride that brought him two silver medals in Helsinki, clung uncomfortably with the leaders as did the pale, overstriding Englishman Frank Sando, who came in fifth in Helsinki. Times have changed and neither looked dangerous now.

The first surprise came in the fifth lap when Kuts caught Pirie unawares by suddenly sprinting for 150 meters at the end of the back straightaway. I noticed Kuts start this burst opposite the block of Russian spectators, perhaps at word from his coach (coaches are not permitted on the turf of the arena).

HEARTBREAKING TACTICS

The invisible elastic thread that appeared to join these two runners stretched as Pirie fell back eight meters, but he regained the distance by the end of the lap, which was fully three seconds faster than its predecessor. Such uneven running is not the way to break records but it certainly breaks hearts. In an Olympic final there is often less difference between the physical ability of different athletes than their mental strength.

In the sixth lap the Australians and Russians had caught the leaders again but Kovács still plodded behind. In the eighth lap Kuts passed the 3,000-meter mark dead on the world-record schedule of eight minutes 24 seconds, and a lap later added a tactical trick that I was unaware he included in his armamentarium—he pointedly moved out into the second lane halfway down the back straightaway. This might have been an invitation to Pirie to pass him on the inside, perhaps with dangerous consequences; or less likely, because of its inconsistency, Kuts might have considered that the looseness of the inner lane of the track merited the effort of an extra seven meters a lap.

At the same place on the next lap

Kuts sprinted again for about 200 meters; each time he made his burst Pirie's face set to a more impassive gnome-like determination. In the 10th lap this pair, inextricably locked in struggle, began to draw away from the rest of the field, though Kovács and Norris were gradually gaining on Power, Lawrence and Chernyavsky. At 4,000 meters, in 11 minutes 16.1 seconds, still on world-record schedule, Kuts and Pirie were 80 meters ahead. At 5,000 meters, nearly 100 meters clear, they equaled Zátopek's Olympic 5,000-meter record of 14 minutes 6.6 seconds.

Kuts was still very much aware of Pirie, who was breathing down his neck and occasionally, inadvertently, touching his heels. In the 15th lap Kuts remorselessly sprinted away again, this time increasing his lap speed by five seconds. Pirie responded to the challenge. The second banish, behind by more than the whole finishing straightaway, were now led by Kovács with Lawrence, Norris, Chernyavsky, Power and Krzyszkowiak behind him.

With nine laps to go, Kuts changed his tactics. This 16th lap was over six seconds slower than the previous one and on the back straightaway he once more moved into the second lane and this time waved Pirie into the lead with his left hand. Pirie, outstanding among British athletes for his love of leading, for the first time betrayed a sign of inner dismay at Kuts' inhumanity and could not have looked unhappier at this invitation to athletic suicide. He has never approached such speeds in any previous 10,000-meter runs and now Kuts was inviting him to play a cat-and-mouse game. He stayed behind and survived yet another burst in the 17th lap. I began to wonder whether the unpredictable Pirie was at last a match for the brilliant Kuts. As the laps grew more erratic, Kuts, too, must have felt the strain. This showed in the total time which at 8,000

THE MOUSE

by ROGER BANNISTER

meters was 23:02.8—15 seconds behind on a world record schedule. In the 20th lap Kuts again moved out to tempt Pirie to pass him on the inside. Pirie resisted this unambiguous gesture as long as possible, but when Kuts practically stopped running, Pirie at last reluctantly took the lead. For 100 meters Kuts contemplated his handiwork from behind.

By the end of the 20th lap, slowest of the race, Kuts clearly decided that the softening-up process was complete and took back the lead. Pirie at last was broken. There was a cry of dismay as the spectators saw released the accumulated pain of his 20-lap struggle. Now Pirie was like a toy motor running down. With barely five laps to go to the finish, Kuts relentlessly drew away by 5, 10, 20, 30 yards.

Without so much as a backward glance, Kuts knew the race was over. By the end of another lap, the 21st, he was 100 meters ahead of Pirie, who was passed by Kovács and Lawrence. With three laps to go, Pirie was passed by Krzyszkowski of Poland and Norris of Britain. In this humiliation he must have realized that by gallantly attempting to follow Kuts he had certainly sacrificed any chance of a silver medal, not that a soul would have wished him to run the race otherwise. Kuts was now losing ground steadily to Kovács but flogged himself as mercilessly as he had tormented Pirie. He ran with the cadence of Sir Alan Herbert's rhyme:

*Vladíwír, Vladíwír, Vladíwír Kuts,
Nature's attempt at an engine in boots.*

But Kuts is no mere machine. His mind is as tough as his body and has the same remorseless skill. Spectators of every country stood to cheer Kuts as he approached the finish. Kovács now only 50 meters behind him. Kuts breached the tape in 28 minutes 45.6

continued on next page



SETTING THE TRAP. Kuts pounds out ahead of surprised Pirie in series of killing bursts, drains Briton's strength and sets him up for the coup de grace on the 20th lap.



SPRINGING THE TRAP. Kuts slows down, moves to outside lane forcing the reluctant Pirie to take over the lead. Kuts then charged out ahead of demoralized rival.



BREAKING THE TAPE In Olympic record time of 28 min., 45.6 sec., Kuts finishes 55 yards ahead of nearest rival. Pirie, worn down by Kuts's strategy, finished eighth.

KUTS'S VICTORY, LAP BY LAP

Varying his speed to kill off rivals he averaged 69 seconds a lap.

(Numerals in red denote laps run in faster-than-average time)

LAP		
1	61.4	VERY FAST Kuts sprinted to get clear of pack at start and take lead.
2	68.6	ABOUT AVG
3	68.8	ABOUT AVG Kuts, with Pine on his tail, settled down to fast, steady pace for three laps.
4	68.0	AVG-FAST
5	64.8	VERY FAST Suddenly Kuts sprinted, drew 5 yd ahead of Pine.
6	71.6	SLOW
7	68.3	ABOUT AVG Kuts moved out to 2nd line, offering lead. Pine refused.
8	68.6	ABOUT AVG Once again Kuts suddenly sprinted down backstretch.
9	67.6	FAST
10	67.9	FAST Kuts sped up pace with Pine close behind him, and pair moved slowly away from field, were 33 yd ahead at 11:00.
11	67.6	FAST
12	70.0	AVG-SLOW Now Kuts slowed pace, but he and Pine led field by 100 yd. at 5,000 meters (12:15 laps). Time then matched Soviet record for 1933 meter race.
13	71.7	SLOW
14	71.8	SLOW
15	66.6	QUITE FAST Kuts sprinted away again. Pine fought to stay close.
16	73.9	VERY SLOW Kuts slowed radically, waved Pine to take lead. He refused.
17	68.6	ABOUT AVG Kuts sprinted in backstretch.
18	77.7	VERY SLOW Once again Kuts slowed down.
19	71.6	SLOW
20	73.1	VERY SLOW Kuts, very slow, forced Pine to lead. But then Kuts moved.
21	69.6	ABOUT AVG Two drove rushed Pine. Kuts opened up a 100-yd margin.
22	67.4	FAST
23	69.2	ABOUT AVG Now, with Pine beaten, Kuts did not try to push self and run hard for the Hengames, Kovacs, was coming on. Kuts saved time, sprinted on inner lap, won by 55 yd from Kovacs, with Pine fading and fading to a dismal eighth.
24	70.0	AVG-SLOW
25	66.6	QUITE FAST

CAT AND MOUSE

continued from page 17

seconds, some 15 seconds short of his own world record, holding up his right hand above his head like the prize-fighter he is.

The mask fell from his face. He broke into a smile and waved to the crowd as he ran his lap of honor. But before long he was making a traditional Russian speech, very correct, very uninformative: "The public were very kind, and I appreciated the way they applauded me."

The first five runners, Kuts, Kovacs, Lawrence, Krzywicki and Norris, all broke Zatópek's Olympic record. Pine was passed in the last lap by Chernyavsky of Russia and Power of Australia and came in eighth. He commented less formally: "It wasn't the fact that he beat me. It was the way he did it. He murdered me. I hope I never have to compete against a runner like him again."

With Kuts's victory Russia gained her first track medal of the Games, but for most of us it was remarkable as an individual, not a national, achievement. For the Russians understand Kuts's astonishing running ability as little as we do ourselves. Runners like this are born, not made to formula. The race taught us nothing about Kuts that we did not know already. He is still, as he was before the Games, the greatest 10,000-meter runner in the world. (EHR)



FIGHTER'S GESTURE of victory by ex-boxer Kuts followed triumph over Pine.

A STAR-SPANGLED SYMPHONY

A certain anthem became No. 1 on the hit parade as U.S. athletes ran away with handfuls of early medals

by ROY TERRELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. SIMMERMAN



CHARLIE DUMAS, U.S., STANDS SILHOUETTED BY DARKENING SKY BEFORE CLIMACTIC JUMP



...SKIMS OVER, LOOKS BACK TO SEE THAT BAR IS STILL IN PLACE. GOLD MEDAL ASSURED



THERE IS A MAN who lives in Melbourne named Hicks. He is the leader of the Royal Australian Air Force Band and normally his repertory includes only such old standbys of the Empire as *Waltzing Matilda* and *God Save the Queen*, but of late Squadron Leader Hicks has forged to the front as one of the world's leading authorities on *The Star-Spangled Banner*. In the first two days of the 1956 Olympic Games he had to play the national anthem of the United States five times and when last seen was fast closing in upon the record now held by Miss Gladys Gooding who, during the baseball season, valiantly pumps the organ before Dodger games at Ebbets Field but by tradition must limit her performance to one rendition a day.

There were seven Olympic gold medals handed out in men's track and field on the first two days, and of these the U.S. collected five. They also collected three silver medals for second place and one bronze medal for third, and the latter wasn't really as shameful as it may sound in that particular event. Teammates had already won the first two places and the bronze medal was all that was left.

At this point the American approach may begin to sound a little greedy, but victories are what the Americans came down here for in the first place, and in the code of athletics they are simply living by a highly competitive golden rule. They couldn't disagree more with the foreign gentlemen who observed that "the only thing wrong with these Games is too bloody much Stars and Stripes."

But before American readers begin to burst with pride and others feel tempted to stop reading altogether, it might be wise to mention briefly the two victories that got away. In the 10,000-meter run, which became the most dramatic and colorful and exciting event of the opening days and is described at length by Roger Bannister (see page 16), a determined little

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BOBBY MORROW of Texas (lane three) bursts out of starting blocks in 100-meter dash. Winning heats and final easily, Morrow

ignores Olympic record to concentrate on gold medal, save legs for other medal attempts in 200-meter dash and 400-meter relay.

TOM COURTHNEY OF NEW JERSEY (RIGHT), WINNING 100-METER HEAT FROM BRITAIN'S MIKE FARRELL, TOOK FINAL FOR ANOTHER U.S. GOLD MEDAL





GLENN DAVIS of Ohio State led 1-2-3 U.S. finish in 400-meter hurdles in Olympic record time for the first blanket victory of the Games.



PRETTY DISCUS THROWER Olga Fikotová of Czechoslovakia pulled upset by beating Russians, including favorite Nina Fonosaryova.

STAR-SPANGLED STORY

continued from page 19

runner from Soviet Russia named Vladimir Kuts simply ran off and hid from the rest of the world. But to Americans this only proved that if the U.S. has no distance man in the same class with Kuts, neither does anyone else, including the Russians.

The other non-U.S. champion was a New Zealander named Norman Richard Read who spent some 4½ hours of a dry, hot, windy day touring the streets of Melbourne only to end up right back where he started with a gold medal in the 50,000-meter walk. Read's victory may have been a surprise, or as much of a surprise as anything can be when one considers a pedestrian's chances these days, but otherwise the 1956 Olympics shaped up right from the start as an affair that was going to run strictly according to form.

Charlie Dumas, a 19-year-old citizen of Los Angeles, is the only man to have jumped seven feet and, although he didn't quite jump seven feet last Friday, he got close enough. He went over the bar at 6 feet 11½ inches on his third try, while Chilla Porter, a bespectacled young Australian who had never come within three inches of that height in competition, couldn't quite make it and wound up second with an extremely fine showing of 6 feet 10½ inches. Third place went to Igor Kishakov, who is a very fine high jumper but not quite good enough. So, after one desultory attempt at a world record in the fading twilight (he had already raised the Olympic mark by some three inches) Dumas allowed himself to be

led off to the victory stand and there, flanked on his right by a slim young Australian and on his left by a sturdy young Russian, stood straight and quiet as Squadron Leader Hicks wound up the band and for the first time sent *The Star-Spangled Banner* rolling out across the vast green expanse of the Olympic stadium.

Saturday the tempo quickened. In the first race of the day, a semifinal heat of the 400-meter hurdles, 18-year-old Eddie Southern from Dallas, Texas as whistled around the crushed brick track in 50.1 seconds to take seven-tenths of a second off the Olympic record. It was a beautiful exhibition but premature. In the finals two and a half hours later, it was Glenn Davis, the world record holder from Ohio, who ran the 50.1 and won the gold medal. Davis was in command all the way of a superbly planned and superbly executed race. Southern was second some seven yards back and Josh Culbreath, the third American, third. It was the exact order in which they finished last summer at the U.S. trials, and it was the first sweep of the 1956 Olympic Games for the U.S.

The two field event finals on Saturday were in the hammer throw and the broad jump. Almost everyone expected Greg Bell or perhaps his teammate, John Bennett, to win the broad jump, and that is the way it came out: Bell first with 25 feet 8½ inches, and Bennett second with 25 feet 2½ inches. Rafer Johnson, the U.S. decathlon star who might have got third, decided to pass up his chance for two medals in order to rest a knee twisted a few days before during pole vault prac-

tice, and the final place went to a virtually unknown Finn named Jorma Valkama. Because of the conditions, no one evidenced any great disappointment at which might normally be considered a subpar performance for the two American jumpers. Like the rest of Saturday's contestants they battled a stiff southwest breeze blowing straight down the runway, and the take-off area was a little less firm than it might have been. And at the Olympic Games—as Baron de Coubertin might have said if he had thought of it—to break records is not as important as to win.

The duel in the hammer between Harold Connolly, the schoolteacher from Boston, and Mikhail Krivonozov, the schoolteacher from Minsk, had long been tabbed as one of the highlights of the '56 Games. It turned out to be just that. The tall Russian, who looks strangely like Burt Lancaster, and the powerful American, who competes in one of sport's most virile events wearing a pair of ballet slippers, had been taking turns all summer and fall breaking each other's world record. As they stepped into the ring at Melbourne the record belonged to Connolly at 224 feet 10½ inches. When they stepped out of the ring the world record was still intact but the Olympic record had been broken by half a dozen men and it was Connolly who came out ahead. He made it on his next-to-last chance with a throw of 207 feet 3¾ inches, the big, shiny bronze ball thudding into the turf only six inches past the mark that bore Krivonozov's number. After it was over, Connolly said: "Sure,

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GRAPE-DRAPED HUNGARIAN FLAGS ARE DIPPED IN MOURNING AS MEMBERS OF HUNGARY'S OLYMPIC TEAM ARRIVE IN AUSTRALIA TO

HUNGARY'S HEROES IN THEIR

With the Olympic Games in full swing it was apparent to all around them in the Olympic Village that the brilliant athletes of the Hungarian team were bearing a fearful emotional burden. To explain what was in their hearts, two team members—one a prominent athlete who arrived by air from Prague, and one an official who came to Melbourne aboard the Soviet steamer Grizia—agreed to speak anonymously to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for this exclusive report:

WHEN THE REVOLUTION BEGAN," the athlete said, "we were all gathered in Budapest for training. Everyone felt very confident about the team's prospects at the Olympics; we were scheduled to leave Budapest by air October 28 and, according to the plans, we would have three weeks to settle down and acclimatize ourselves in Melbourne. But what happened in Hungary was too spontaneous, too natural to be ignored. It is hard to describe all the emotions that filled us during those hours. But I do remember we were in an ecstatic state. Suddenly no one was afraid of the secret police. When October 23 came, and the marchers behind national flags started to swell into tens of thousands, our hearts leaped and sport and the Olympics were forgotten.

"A yearning for national independence, a decent democratic life and freedom and dignity took their place. None of us was thinking of physical condition, training,

sleep, departure dates or gold medals. I was among the marchers and it was not strange to me that the discipline of training melted away. The hours were loaded with history and our side was winning. This gave us all wings. But on the third day, when we had our new national government and Soviet troops were leaving the city, we suddenly remembered the Games. Appeals were broadcast to the athletes to assemble at the Seilag Hotel. We were widely scattered—all but 12 of us had been living with our families—and it was a gigantic job. Telephones and public transport were out of service. Some athletes were trucked down by cars. Others heard the radio and walked to the hotel. Within a day and a half we were all together again.

"Many of the athletes had been involved in the fighting and, as they came to the hotel, many without their baggage, they told us how they had manned machine guns and barricades, fought secret police and Soviet troops and helped carry wounded. Our faces were flushed with pride and pleasure as we went to Prague where we were to leave by air for Australia. The Czechs put us up in a boarding school. They did everything to make us comfortable, but as we listened with anxious hearts to the Budapest and Western radio reports of Soviet reprisals, the urge to forget the Olympics and return home grew immensely. The atmosphere was explosive, and only the warning from Czech authorities that we could not cross



TAKE PART IN THE 1956 MELBOURNE GAMES



THE SOVIET STEAMSHIP "GRUZIA" ARRIVES AT MELBOURNE AFTER A TRIP FROM RUSSIA

HOUR OF STAGGERING STRAIN

the border into Hungary kept many from returning. We were told the border was closed.

"Five days after our arrival in Prague our team leader, Gyula Hegyi, who has been a stalwart sportsman for 40 years and is also head of the National Sports Council, called us together and told us emotionally, 'We must go on to the Games.'

"His words offered us a solution in a seemingly hopeless situation. All but 12 members of the team are married and parents of children, but even they realized at this crossroads that we had a duty to come to Melbourne and tell the world about our wonderful revolution. It was that feeling which brought us here. Both in Prague and on the way to Melbourne we could not help but fear that our families might be dead and our homes destroyed. While we waited for news from home we lost sleep and our faces became haggard and drawn. What can our poor coaches and trainers do against such thoughts?"

Meanwhile, 17 Hungarian coaches, trainers, masseurs and technicians had left Odessa on Oct. 8 as paying passengers on the Russian steamship *Gruzia*—a vessel Americans will remember as Poland's Gdynia-America liner *Sobieski*, which used to sail from New York to the Mediterranean until seized by the Russians one day in 1950. "We had a friendly start," said one of them. "Captain Elizabaz of the *Gruzia* arranged for Moscow short-wave news bulletins to be tape-recorded for us after we got

out of range of Radio Budapest, and news became our main interest. The bulletins were those broadcast to satellite countries, and because we have known these broadcasts to be distorted, our anxiety increased.

"Moscow Radio was quoting the Yugoslav press agency Tanjug for its descriptions of events in Hungary and this made us doubly anxious. We felt the situation must be really serious if Soviet journalists had left Budapest.

"On the ship there was a chill in the air. One night three of us were talking to a Russian girl. In a few minutes a Russian sailor called out to her sharply. She looked uncomfortable and excused herself suddenly. After that, the Soviet girls stayed away from us.

"There was no clash between Hungarians and Russians, but this was perhaps due to the fact that at no stage of the voyage were we aware of what really had happened in Hungary. After what I heard on my arrival in Melbourne, I will never mix with those butchers again."

This week in the Olympic Village the Hungarians are obeying a strict, self-imposed rule forbidding them to mingle with Russian competitors and carefully ignore them when they pass on the streets. Many Hungarian athletes have asked about prospects of settling in Australia after the Games. "I hope," said one of their coaches, "that the bitter and vengeful determination so deeply rooted in the Hungarian character will produce a will to win in the Olympics, but that is still in the balance."

WILD AND WET

San Francisco Bay sailors are a breed apart in their devotion to the choppiest, windiest and most unpredictable body of water in yachtdom

IT IS QUESTIONABLE whether San Francisco Bay sailing is a sport or a masochistic exercise. Furthermore, it is hard to say which season, summer or winter, is the more rugged. Bay winds blow from 12 to 25 mph on the average, and races have consistently been held in winds up to 35 mph. Summer has this slight advantage: the winds are westerly and predictable, always coming in strongly through the Golden Gate. In the winter they come from everywhere. Winter temperatures are slightly lower, but it is doubtful if the chillier air can match, for pure discomfort, the wringing-wet summer fogs which blanket the bay through all but midday. In short, the bay is as choppy, unfriendly and unpredictable a body of water as ever faced a yachtsman.

Yet San Francisco sailors love it. In fact, there is little anyone can do to keep them off the bay. It's known as the place where yachtsmen sail longer, harder and with more hard work than anywhere else. Bay sailors don't haul their boats: they just elevate them briefly in the spring for a little washing down and repair work. Winter on the bay is a series of continuous frostbite regattas. The word frostbite was invented to describe the winter dinghy races in which a few hardy Yankee souls compete, but winter sailing is a thing San Franciscans do as a matter of course in every class of boat available.

Typical is the fascinating event held annually on Easter Sunday. About 40 presumably sane adults start off from the Sausalito docks and head across to the San Francisco Marina in little eight-foot El Toro dinghies never made for the stern conditions of the main bay. There are just three rules. Sailors must be over 21, must wear life jackets and carry paddles which can be used anytime. Last Easter five El Toros went into the drink. The Coast Guard takes a jaundiced view of the whole thing but hasn't figured out how to stop it.

The racing season officially gets under way in mid-May with a spectacular opening day parade. Five hundred sail-and-motorboats start under the Golden Gate and proceed to the Corinthian Yacht Club on the Marin County side. The first big race of the season is held the following week from the Corinthian north to Vallejo 40 miles away where follows one of the few big yachting blowouts of the year. In general, continuous socializing is left to the more effete yachting centers.

Starting with the Vallejo Race, there is a summer high-point series for big and little classes, plus noncompetitive diversions like sails to Santa Cruz or Pebble Beach. In late fall, if the University of California-Stanford game is at California, there is a fix breakfast at each yacht club and

then a sail to the Berkeley Yacht Basin and a bus trip overland to the stadium.

But to San Franciscans all this is just an appetizer. The real, or winter, sailing begins with the first race of the Mid-Winter Regatta held late in November and then every first weekend of the month through March. There are nominally five races, but last year three of these were washed out and the last one was rescheduled, a rarity in the bay, where just average bad weather never keeps a race from starting.

Most of the classes in the Mid-Winter have a strange sound to Easterners: Farallon Clippers, Rhodes 33s, Bears, Birds, Zephyrs, Mercurys and El Toros. There is a reason for this: the brutal facts of sailing in the bay have caused a local evolution in yacht design. The slim, high-masted boats which do so well elsewhere find the bay awfully rough. The Star boats, for instance, have to be started early in the morning and on short courses so they can get back before the chop and the high winds set in. Even so, the Star skippers take an unmerciful soaking. "Always wet from the waist down and bailing," was one bay sailor's classification of Star skippers.

After a few frightening experiences, many an owner of an eastern design has had his boat's mast cut down and ballast added. But alteration is not the answer. Naval architects have had to come up with new and more rugged designs. The Farallon Clipper, a 38-footer designed by the Stephens brothers of Stockton, Calif. for the outer bay, is a constant Honolulu Race competitor, and one of them has won the Honolulu-Tahiti Race. The 28-foot Bear is a stiff and stubby little Bay one-design which handles beautifully in a half a gale. The Bird class (see opposite page) is a fine compromise. Thirty feet long, it carries 1,200 pounds of ballast well forward and loves rough going.

Any mid-winter sailor feels he has the right to claim a certain stature. A San Francisco winter sailor has something extra. He rounds marks that bring him the entire length of the Golden Gate under the high headlands of Marin County and Mt. Tamalpais, by the lofty Bay Bridge and the graceful new Richmond-San Rafael spans. And when the whole bay is a soul-satisfying witch's cauldron, he is sure that this is the ruggedest, coldest, wettest and most beautiful place in the world to sail.

—RICHARD POLLARD

For season's results in deep water yacht races see Scoreboard

Anne Lyon, Connie Clark, Bob Morse and Skipper Bob Lackenbach brace themselves as the 30-foot Bird class sloop "Cuckoo" heels over in stiff breeze





Fog rolls in from Pacific under north tower of Golden Gate Bridge as seven Rhodes 33 racers shoot past



smaller sloop (far right) and spectator boat (in foreground) during winter series in San Francisco Bay



Skippers ready El Toro class dinghies under pale winter sun in preparation for weekly frostbite race

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

MELBOURNE GOES COSMOPOLITAN • THE BELLES OF THE VILLAGE
TALK TRACK • STAND-INS ON WHEELS • MASON-OIXON FOOTBALL
CHAMPIONS • CHARLEY, ROCKY AND DAYS OF AULO LANG SYNE

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SPRINT

VERBATIM exclusive from Australia, as furnished to readers of the New York Times:

"The wet and rather cold weather that had obtained here during the training period undoubtedly has set back some of them. The spinners, particularly, have not been able to let out as they would like to."

FUN & (OLYMPIC) GAMES

THE GREAT CHEER which rose when the Olympic flame was lighted at Melbourne last week was more than just a salute to tradition; it was, at least in part, the same sort of applause which vaudeville audiences once gave the juggler who balanced a set of dishes on his head without breaking anything. The juggler at Melbourne was Australia's 19-year-old Miler Ron Clarke, last of the 2,750 relay runners who brought the flame across the continent. Clarke had hardly entered the stadium before it was apparent that he was the recipient of an infernal machine as well as an honor. The aluminum torch he carried was loaded with burning magnesium, and as he galloped (his time for the quarter, 80 seconds) around the track it smoked, sputtered and threw sparks like an old wood-burning locomotive. His bare arm was painfully burned.

When he started up a stairway leading to the top of the stadium it became apparent that the final rite, too, was going to demand a certain rakishness of spirit. The big golden Olympic cauldron burns gas, and those in the audience who had ever approached a gas oven with a match could not help but

watch the courier with beady fascination as he advanced on it. He had the deft touch—he raised his torch high, the cauldron whooshed and threw up a mighty flame, and Clarke sprang back completely intact, to receive the cheers of his countrymen.

Clarke was not the only noncompetitor to contribute to the flavor of the Games, and the Olympic stadium did not have a monopoly on open gas fires. Melbourne was almost as proud of a huge torch which has been hung, for atmospheric purposes, above the intersection of downtown Flinders and Swanston streets. The great gadget weighs 3½ tons, stands 65 feet high, and belches flame from a 20-foot mouth; 250,000 people gathered to watch it turned on just before the

Games and caused the worst traffic jam since the Queen's tour. Staid Melbourne boasted almost three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of other decoration—buildings were strung with lights, flags and bunting, and flowering windowboxes were everywhere.

This gaudy background and the transient ship-cruise atmosphere attendant on the Games was heightened by a good many peripheral alarms and excursions—one Nina Paranyuk, 34, a stewardess from the Soviet steamship *Grazi*, made almost as many headlines as Vladimir Kuts when she went into hiding ashore and stayed hidden despite angry cries of Russian officialdom and the best efforts of the Australian cops.

And the street costumes and native

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• A Walk in the Sun

New Zealand athletic officials gulped large servings of crow as Norman Read, whom they had styled "not up to the standard," forced his inclusion on Olympic team by a brilliant pre-Games showing, paid his own fare and lodging, then won 50-kilometer walk to give New Zealand its first gold medal in men's events in 20 years.

• The Big Battle of the Small Budge

The well-set Olympic training table defeated U.S. Boxers Harry Smith and Choken Muekawa, both disqualified for overweight. Weight Lifter Chuck Vincl was shorn and sweated by teammates, chewed gum for salivation, spat well and often, lost a pound, made the weight and won a gold medal in bantam class.

• The Blue and the Gray

Three thousand Annapolis Midshipmen, confident of victory in Saturday's Army-Navy game, have put up their blue bathrobes against gray Army models in traditional bet with West Point Cadets. Each Middle forwarded his offer to West Point in a document called as "It-Will-Be-a-Cold-Winter-at-West-Point" Chit.

• The Arithmetic of Championships

Baseball's playing rules committee decided that batting championships will be figured in future on total appearances at plate (instead of official times at bat). This would have given Ted Williams the title Bobby Avila won in 1954, but not the one Ted hoped for in 1956; even under new rule, Mantle would have won.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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ritual of many a competitor add to Melbourne's exotic air: Pakistan's white-turbaned athletes kneel facing Mecca five times daily, the Japanese basketball team bows gravely to the audience before every game, the Nigerians boast rich green coats piped with yellow, and at least one Fiji has emerged in public wearing a lap-lap and sandals.

Some of the noncompetitive effects of the athletes themselves are causing almost as much talk, at least in the Olympic Village, as their more publicized feats in the arena. There is probably no more persistent topic of conversation in the city than the high wire fence which grimly divides the men's and women's quarters at the village—and even divides husbands and wives, such as the Hungarian swimmers Árpád and Kati Domján. Scarcely a male in the camp has not designed, at least in imagination, a portable ladder capable of surmounting it.

There is other minor drama behind the scene. The Russians—too confident of winning the broad jump, the hammer throw and the 50-kilometer walk—ordered three big cakes to celebrate their victories. They lost all three events and refused the cakes. The Australian caterer, a man of ironic humor, gravely delivered them, free of charge, at the U.S. camp. The Soviet athletes, however, still smile: the property-minded Reds, in a species of old-fashioned Yankee barter, think they are fleeing the U.S. team members day by day by trading old Russian club badges for U.S. Olympic team badges. They seem unaware of the fact that the American athletes have equipped themselves with from 20 to 30 official pins apiece for just such trading and are collecting all the Soviet hardware in sight.

GIRL SESSION

THE TENDENCY of women to gather in small groups and talk about their everyday concerns has remained a constant in history, from the past of the kitchen midden to the present of the electric coffeepot. And the fact that a girl is a topflight swimmer or sprinter or discus thrower has no effect whatever on the ancient pattern; she will have a nice heart-to-heart with her feminine neighbors, even if she has to call in an interpreter before she can do it.

That's what Shelley Mann did the other day (in the women's quarters of the Olympic Village at Melbourne)

when her visitors were Marlene Mathews and Betty Cuthbert, two pretty sprinters from Australia, Galina Popova, an equally pretty sprinter from Russia, and Mary Snow of the SPOKES ILLUSTRATED Olympic team. Everybody spoke English but Galina, and nobody spoke Russian but Galina and the interpreter, and neither of these facts seemed to bother Galina at all.

She stood the other girls in a row in their stocking feet and measured her height against theirs; then she registered a vast Russian dismay on discovering that she was at least three inches shorter than anybody else. "Our coaches told us we were up against it," she mourned. "We are so small."

While Hostess Mann (who swims but does not run) stored the conversation on her tape recorder, Galina and the two Australian girls sprawled on the bed and discussed the event in which they will all three compete—the 100-meter dash. Marlene Mathews said that her own best time of 11.3 was made with the help of the wind. Did they have wind gauges in Russia?

Yes, indeed, said Galina, and the winds are very strong there, much stronger than in Australia. "But our coaches never let us run with the wind. Always against, for the training." It was the Australians' turn to register dismay.

Somehow the conversation (also following the ancient pattern) got around to men. Marlene showed her diamond engagement ring, talked of her plans for a March wedding, and accepted everybody's congratulations. Galina, questioned about her plans, confessed that she was already married, and had been for two years. Her wedding ring, she explained, had slipped off that day in the shower. "I was afraid I would lose it, so I put it in a little box."

"What is your married name?" Betty asked, and was swamped by the answer: "Galina Mikhailovna Vinogradova Popova."

"Galina is my patron saint," Galina explained. "I'm the daughter of Mikhail. My maiden name is Vinogradova and I married a doctor named Popov."

Shelley (who has been collecting samples of the various languages spoken in the Olympic Village) held the microphone of her tape recorder directly in front of Mrs. Popova and put a question: "Were you a better runner before or after you got married?"

Galina clapped her hands, gave out a delighted whoop, and rolled over backward on the bed.

"Powie!" she shouted, and the interpreter echoed, "Afterward!"

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

A LARGE CROWD of cycling fanatics, who had turned up at Melbourne's Velodrome to watch the Olympic cyclists get in some pre-Games training last week, grew restive and early when peddlers failed to appear. Finally, two showed up on the banked, circular track and put on a brisk exhibition that had the crowd stamping with pleasure and children rushing out of the stands to beseech autographs.

After the fans had filed out of the Velodrome, perspiring Frank Douglas and a fellow Velodrome caretaker confessed their well-intentioned hoax.

"I hadn't been on a bike for 10 years," said Frank, "but all the cyclists were out of town and I thought the people would riot if we didn't put on some sort of a show."

DESIRE AT HOPKINS

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY had a new source of pride last week. To the fame of its medical school, the brilliance of its faculty and the high rigor of its academic standards a grace note was added: Johns Hopkins (4-5-1 for the season) won the football championship of the Mason-Dixon Conference. The trophy arrived just the other day, and Coach John Bridgers decided to put it "there on the filing cabinet by the door so everybody can see it. This is only the second one we've had in football, and we're pretty proud of it."

And with reason. It is true that Mason-Dixon football is not Big Ten football (Randolph-Macon, Carnegie Tech and Swarthmore are among the schools in the conference), but this fact takes nothing away from the accomplishment of Coach Bridgers and the 25



members of his squad. De-emphasis has been carried all the way at Johns Hopkins, so that football gets no more official recognition than skeet shooting or contract bridge. The players must fit the sport into an academic schedule exactly like that of a nonplaying student. They face a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the student body that closely resembles apathy. And they are so few in number that Bridgers can truthfully claim to be "one deep at several positions."

"The freshman coach," he explains,

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"Nightingale tongues! Egyptian dates dipped in honey! Boar's head delights! Get 'em while they're hot."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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"had 35 boys on his squad last year. How many of them turned up for me this year? Four. The other 31 decided they couldn't take the time away from their studies."

"But once the boys made up their minds about winning, there was no stopping them. McGraw, our co-captain, is the spark of the team. He lives in Cumberland but worked here in Baltimore last summer. All summer long he got together with some of the other fellows and practiced two nights a week. They don't have much time to practice during the school year—only about an hour and a half on four days a week—so the summer practice helped a lot."

"Our starting line averaged around 178 pounds. We were playing against lines that went up to 200, but we did O.K. anyway." Bridgers found a simple way to give his lightweight scholars confidence. He listed every one of them on the roster at 10 pounds more than their actual weight. "I think it made 'em feel better," he says.

All the players are serious students of engineering, the sciences or the liberal arts; six of them are majoring in atomic physics. At times they study football as if it were a classroom subject: each man learns the book of offensive plays by heart before the season opens, so that the four weekly practice sessions can be given over to defensive tactics and the digesting of scouting reports. Through the entire season they were able to get in only two scrimmages, and one of those involved only 20 players—11 men on offense, nine on defense.

The team's sparkplug, Kenneth McGraw, is a typically spare-time football player. Majoring in chemistry, he made all Bs last semester in courses which included advanced organic chemistry, physical chemistry, advanced quantitative analysis and the elements of economics. On Sundays he sings baritone in the University Baptist Church, and on eight Saturdays this fall he played tackle through every minute of every game on the Johns Hopkins schedule. Shorthanded though the team was, McGraw was the only player to achieve that distinction. When someone asked him recently how he felt on Sundays and Mondays after those 60-minute gridiron stints, he smilingly answered, "Stiff."

"They're the most remarkable bunch I've ever seen," says Coach Bridgers. "They really want to play, without any of the benefits that football players

get at other schools. This school makes no special rules for football players. They have to study and act just like the other students."

"Sometimes I wonder what makes them do it. But the answer is simple: they just want to play."

AN AGE IN RETROSPECT

THERE WILL BE a new heavyweight champion this week. But although the Age of Marciano has ended, its principals, like former French premiers, linger importantly. Marciano himself, retired now for some seven months, is doing just fine. Rocky has put on more than 40 pounds, he has a robust dining room named for him in a busy Manhattan restaurant, and he enjoys his proper share of adulation as the only heavyweight champion ever to retire undefeated over a professional career. Rocky's manager, Al Weill, is busy hunting up new tigers (SI, Oct. 29). That accounts for everybody in Rocky's old corner but his trainer, Charley Goldman.

Charley still trains fighters, but he confessed the other day that he misses the Age of Marciano.

"Anyone would. It's that one little word 'champion' that I miss. It's a great thing. It can do things."

"It opens doors for you," he went on. "It gets you the plane reservation when all the seats are sold. It gets you the best suite in the biggest hotel in town. And every place you go, people want to do something for you or give you something, like a shirt or a tie or a suit. When they do that they think they're part of the champion, I guess."

At 68, Charley is a vintage veteran of boxing, of course, and he knows that this is how it is. But, as anyone else,

he isn't sure why it works that way.

"It's a funny thing. Sometimes wonder where all those people were when he was starting out, like the time he made the first trip down to New York."

"That time, he and that Allie Columbo were going to start out on a Sunday, but then they figured they'd better wait until Monday because that way they'd have a better chance of hitching a ride on a truck."

"And you know what he says to me that first time? 'Charley,' he says, 'they had to give me one of those \$1.20 rooms at the YMCA instead of a 90¢ one. They said maybe today they could change me to a 90¢ one.'"

"Rocky'd never use to dress up. . . . He's different now, but you used to have to wrestle him to put a shirt on him. Once we were going somewhere on a plane and Rocky has on just an undershirt. 'Who's that?' a lady says to me. 'That's Marciano, the champion,' I says. 'Oh,' the lady says, 'he can't be the champion. The champion wouldn't look like that.'"

Charley saw, sooner than most, the signs that Rocky was losing interest.

"First you got to know he was a tremendous trainer," Charley said. "People ask me, 'How did you help him be champion?' Well, I didn't interfere with his style, but most of all he helped himself. No athlete ever—ever—was as self-sacrificing as he was, even to the point of overdoing it."

"In training, he'd be in bed 15-16 hours. Even if you're his best friend come from California to see him, Rocky still goes to bed right at the dot of 9:30."

"And even when he was not training, every day—I mean every day, too—he'd take a long walk. Even if he comes to your house for a vacation, he'd bring along an old pair of pants and shoes so he could take his walk."

"Well, I noticed before the Moore fight he didn't have quite the same zest in training. He worked, but not the same. And once he saw his little girl and she runs away from him, scared, saying, 'Who's he?' he's been away from home so much. He tried not to show it, but I could see that hurt him."

"But that wasn't what showed me. The first real sign was about a month or so after he beat Moore. I hadn't seen him for the whole time and when I did, he looked big and bloated."

"Hey," I says to him, 'you look bloated, Rocky.'"

"'Yeb, Charley,' he says, 'I am. And you know something? I haven't even been taking walks.'"

"Right then," said Charley, "I knew."



OLYMPIC IDEA

Track records would fall
And last many a year
If the chap with the torch
Were to run in the rear.

—RICHARD ARNOLD



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THE TITANS WERE TIED

by **TEX MAULE**

The Giants and Bears, pro football's best, battle to a draw. Old Pro Chuck Conerly helps explain the deadlock

FOR THREE long quarters Sunday, Chuck Conerly sat by the telephone on the New York Giant bench and listened to communiqués relayed to him by third-string Quarterback Bobby Clatterbuck from the scouts in the press box. On the field, Don Heinrich manipulated the Giant offense expertly, picking at small flaws in the defense of the Chicago Bears, moving the ball in short, consistent gains, throwing once in a while but depending mostly on the power in the big Giant line and the strong, quick Giant backs.

Conerly watched quietly, hunched deep in the heavy sideline cape against the gray cold of the afternoon. He is a quiet, very relaxed man of 32, an extraordinarily competent quarterback and a proud one. The view of a football game from the sideline is not a good one, but Conerly needs only a quick glimpse of the developing action to know what is happening.

"You don't see much of a game when you're in," he said in his deep, southern drawl a few days before this Sunday afternoon. "You're looking for the guy you're going to pass to or the guy you're making a hand-off to, and you don't see much else. I guess I wouldn't even recognize half the guys I play against in a game if I saw them on the street afterward. They're just a blur when they are coming in at you, and you don't look at them again until you come out of the huddle. Then they are uniforms in a defense and you don't see faces, just the defense."

This day Heinrich had started at quarterback for the Giants against the Bears, according to the practice of Coach Jim Lee Howell, who has used his No. 2 quarterback as a starter for nearly two seasons. Heinrich begins

with a ready list of plays designed to test the reactions of the opposing defense so that when Conerly replaces him—usually in the second quarter—he can probe at the obvious weaknesses.

"You don't find any big weaknesses," Conerly explains. "It's not like college football. Everyone is good and what

you look for are habits a player develops. When you have been in the league a long time you get to know what a defensive halfback will let you do, for instance. One guy will let you throw underneath him—in front of him. The next guy covers pretty good

continued on next page



FLYING GIANT Cliff Livingston (89) dives over Bears' Rick Cavarese (35) and nearly blocks punt by Bear Ed Brown (15).

THE TITANS WERE TIED

continued from page 25

to the outside but he doesn't move as good to the inside, and you throw that way to him. Little things are what you look for. Like you size up the defense when you're waiting to start the count and you see a safety man cheating a little bit toward an end you've got spread and you know he's got to cover that end in the defense they have called, and he's cheating over toward him because it will be hard for him to get there. So you call an automatic and hit the end quick."

An automatic, Conerly explained, is a play change made after the team has come out of the huddle to the line of scrimmage. Last Sunday against the Bears, Heinrich used as many automatics as he did plays called in the huddle to counteract the shifting Bear defense. They worked well on drives up the middle, often catching the big Bear line slanting the wrong way. Frank Gifford, Alex Webster and Mel Triplett pounded through these holes for long yardage. When Conerly finally came in to start the fourth quarter, the Bear defense had adjusted, so he relied mainly on the plays he called in the huddle.

"Quarterbacking would be an easy job if the other guy stuck to one defense all the time," Conerly says. "But you can't tell what the defense is going to do. You've got to play the percentages. Like against the Pittsburgh Steelers a while back. They had a couple of veterans in the secondary on the right side of their defense. They're pretty hard to fool. But on the left side they had Henry Ford and Gary Gilkey, and both of them are rookies. We ran a few to their side and found out they were coming up real fast on running plays. So I called a pass off a run to that side, and Gifford got behind Ford for a touchdown because Ford came up too fast. Did the same thing a little later. Two mistakes cost them two touchdowns. You can figure a rookie to make mistakes in this league. If he makes too many, he doesn't last long, so you can't figure on the veterans for mistakes like those."

THE HIGH COST OF MISTAKES

The Giants played nearly flawless football against the Bears. Their defense was magnificent, especially against the Bear running attack, one of the best in the league. The linebackers covered the outside beautifully, choking off Bear sweeps before they could start, and the two big Giant tackles—Roosevelt Grier and

THE GREY CUP: SPLIT-T AND HIGH JINKS



FRANK IVY (left), a tomato-faced graduate of the Bud Wilkinson school of split-T football, gave up an assistant's job at the University of Oklahoma in 1953 to take over the Edmonton Eskimos. Ivy adapted the Canadian game's five-man backfield to the precise manipulations of the split-T, and Edmonton has been the Oklahoma of the North ever since. Saturday, in Toronto, Ivy's Eskimos won their third straight Grey Cup championship, beating the Montreal Alouettes 50-27 with a thumping ground game as subtle as a punch in the nose. As usual, American imports provided the locomotion for Ivy's forces. Jackie Parker of Mississippi State and Johnny Bright of Drake scored two touchdowns each and powered to gains which stretched from nose to 20 yards per carry during the second half. Parker, who has been a quarterback all season, moved over to half for this game when Earl Lindley of Utah was injured. Don Getty, a home product from the University of Western Ontario, handled the team beautifully as Parker's quarterback replacement—to the joy of the Canadian press. As usual, the fans transformed Toronto into a chilly, three-day replica of New Orleans at Mardi Gras time.

Dick Modzelewski—slammed shut the middle corridor. The Bear running attack was stopped cold. The Giant defense, looking like the old pros they are, made no mistakes—or at least, not until the very end.

"Mistakes cost you a lot more in pro ball," Conerly says. "Back in college, a club could make a mistake and, like as not, it wouldn't cost much. In the first place, the other team might not see it. Then, if they did see it, they might not have the personnel to take advantage of it. And if they did see it and had the personnel to take advantage of it, then there would be a pretty good chance they would make a mistake, too, and not be able to take the advantage they should have. But a mistake against a pro club nearly always costs you, and usually it costs a touchdown. The mistakes in the line may not—you got the secondary to help out. But a mistake back in the secondary—that's usually six points."

The Giant scores last Sunday came on the heels of Bear errors. Ed Brown, the very good Bear quarterback, fumbled the pass from center on a punt attempt and was buried under the charge of seven Giants. Heinrich then worked the ball carefully down to the Bear nine, from where Ben Agajanian kicked a field goal. Later, Brown rolled out to his right to pass and hurried the throw under the continuing pressure of the Giant line. The Giants' Sam Huff, a guard, intercepted the pass and hurried it back to the Bear 28.

Now Heinrich, who had made the Bears honor the fine Giant running throughout the first quarter and a half, changed pace effectively. He threw twice to End Kyle Rote, both times incomplete, and the Bear defense be-

came very Rote-conscious. So Heinrich hit Halfback Alex Webster quickly for 11 yards and a first down on the Bear 17. After missing again, he flipped the ball over the line, and Rote, two steps ahead of a desperate linebacker, picked it off and scored. Two mistakes for the Bears, two scores for the Giants.

When the teams started the second half, the Giants were leading 10-0. Heinrich was still at quarterback while Conerly sat deep in his sideline cape watching the action and calling the Giant plays to himself.

The yardage was coming harder for the Giant runners in the second half. A Bear fumble early in the third quarter had given them an easy touchdown, but that was all. The Bears, meanwhile, had corrected their mistakes. The game settled for a while into a tremendous, straining contest fought across the three feet of neutral territory at the line of scrimmage. The noise of conflict could be heard clearly from where Conerly sat.

This thunder in the line starts with the muffled slap of the football against the flat palm of the quarterback and, as much as anything, it is the difference between college and pro football. It comes from the solid thump of well-armored big men in violent contact, and it is augmented by their grunts and groans and curses. It is one of the things a rookie back finds unsettling when he plays his first game of professional football.

With the battle in the line now a standoff, it looked for a while as if the outcome would hang on the early Giant scores. But suddenly the errorless Giants began to make some mistakes of their own. The Bears kicked a field goal after Halfback Ray Smith

had intercepted a Heinrich pass and returned it to the Giant 16. It was 17-3 as the third quarter ended and the Giants returned to the offense. Conerly went in at quarterback.

He nursed the Giants down to the Bear 22, twice firing Webster through a crack he discovered in the right side of the Bear line and once sending Gifford the other way to prevent the Bears from stacking their defense. Then Webster, who had been sick earlier in the game, got sick again and left. Agajanian tried a field goal from the 32 and missed.

A penalty stopped the Giants' next drive, and when the Bears took over the ball, there were eight minutes left in the game. The Bears were on their 24 with all of the 55,191 people in Yankee Stadium expecting a long pass.

So Ed Brown handed off the ball to Bill McColl, a huge end converted to a flanker back. McColl, running to his right on a deep reverse, suddenly stopped and threw the ball high and far from the Bear 15. Harlon Hill, the wonderful Bear end, was yards in the clear at the Giant 29 when he caught the prodigious heave, the ball hanging high above him against the gray sky for a moment and Hill running under it to make the catch. Jim Patton, the Giant defender, had taken an early fatal step toward the line of scrimmage, and that mistake cost a touchdown.

Conerly killed five of the next seven minutes on a deliberate, cool sortie along the ground, but it was not enough. When the Bears finally got the ball, some two minutes remained in the game. Brown began his bid for a tie with short precise passes to Hill and McColl, throwing toward the sideline so the big receivers could step out of bounds and stop the clock after they caught the ball. From the Bear 44, Brown sent Hill, who runs with a long, loping stride that generates deceptive speed, far downfield. Patton, who had let Hill get well behind him for the earlier Bear touchdown, stuck with him this time. He was running nearly stride for stride with the Bear end at the goal line as Brown's pass dropped out of the sky. Hill tipped it once, juggled it, fell flat in the end zone and caught the ball just before it hit the ground.

"You can't ask a boy to do much better than Patton did on that one," Coach Howell said after the game, but he added the old pro's qualification: "Of course, he might have knocked it down or intercepted it if he hadn't lost a step," he said. "You just can't make any mistakes." (END)

THE PROS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

WHILE the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears were busy whetting appetites for their probable championship play-off game Dec. 30 (see preceding pages), their 17-17 tie moved their pursuers uncomfortably close in each division. In the East, the Chicago Cardinals defeated the Pittsburgh Steelers 34-27, chasing Lamar McHan, their recalcitrant quarterback, in the process. McHan languished on the bench for much of the game while Jim Root, his understudy, performed admirably. McHan, who was fined \$3,000 for insubordination by Head Coach Ray Richards after the Steeler game a week earlier, played long enough to muck over for a touchdown from the one-yard line. It seems unlikely that this evidence of good faith will be enough to earn him a reduction in the size of his fine. Ollie Matson found Root a good col-

laborator in the Card backfield, scoring two touchdowns—one on a 79-yard run and the other on a one-yard plunge—and running for a total of 158 yards in 16 carries.

The Washington Redskins stretched their streak of victories to five by scoring in the last 90 seconds to beat the Cleveland Browns 20-17. The Browns, for the first time since the club was organized in 1946, have been eliminated mathematically from any chance at the division title. New York Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell, when he heard the Redskin-Brown score, checked the standings to make sure the Browns were out and sighed gustily. "Man," he said, "it's good to know they can't catch us for once."

	W	L	T	Pct		W	L	T	Pct
Giants	6	2	1	.750	Eagles	3	5	1	.375
Cardinals	6	3	0	.667	Browns	3	6	0	.333
Redskins	5	3	0	.625	Steelers	3	6	0	.333

WESTERN CONFERENCE

THE Detroit Lions presented their fans with a turkey on Thanksgiving Day, but it was not the edible kind. It came in the form of a surprising 24-20 loss to the Green Bay Packers. This lapse cost the Lions a chance to take over first place in the West. In view of the Giants-Bears tie three days later, Tobin Rote, the lanky Packer quarterback, cleverly exploited a soft spot he had discovered in the Lion defense during a fine fourth-period rally which netted his team three touchdowns. Rote employed a play pattern which freed Fullback Howie Ferguson for short passes over the middle, and he stuck to it.

Playing the Los Angeles Rams, the Baltimore Colts had their finest hour in the National Football League, trusting themselves to a 34-21 victory. Billy Vessels, the Oklahoma ballback who was the Colts' first

draft choice three years ago (but who spent the next three years playing for the Canadians and Uncle Sam), scored three touchdowns. Vessels, playing behind L. G. Dupre, had carried the ball only four times before last Sunday despite loud howls from the stands. With Dupre hurt he finally got his chance. He scored twice on short plunges, gained 70 yards in nine tries and as many more in four pass receptions, one for a touchdown.

The San Francisco 49ers and the Philadelphia Eagles played to a 10-10 tie in the second interdivisional game of the week. Gordy Soltau's 27-yard field goal gained the tie for the 49ers with less than four minutes gone in the fourth quarter.

	W	L	T	Pct		W	L	T	Pct
Bears	7	1	1	.875	Packers	3	6	0	.333
Lions	7	2	0	.778	49ers	2	6	1	.250
Colts	4	4	0	.500	Rams	2	7	0	.222

TAP DAY FOR THE PROS

Equipped with suitcases full of data on the best seniors in college football, the pro football clubs met in Philadelphia Monday and staked claims on the cream of the crop. This draft used to be held in January but, since the Canadian teams hold their draft in November and go to work on their prospects immediately, the National Football League has advanced the date for picking the top four of the 30 college players selected by each team.

As usual, the premium was on backs. The Green Bay Packers—winners of the bonus draft pick—started it with Notre Dame's Paul Hornung. The first 25 choices, in order: Paul Hornung, Notre Dame, qb (Packers); Jon Arnett, USC qb (Rams); John Brodie, Stanford qb (49ers); Ron Kramer, Michigan e (Packers); Lon Dawson, Fur-

due qb (Steelers); Jim Brown, Syracuse hb (Browns); Clarence Peaks, Michigan State hb (Eagles); James Parker, Ohio State g (Colts); Don Bosseler, Miami fb (Redskins); Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma e (Cardinals); Del Shofner, Baylor hb (Giants); Bill Glass, Baylor g (Lions); Earl Leggett, LSU t (Bears); John Pardos, Texas A&M fb (Rams); Abe Woodford, Illinois hb (49ers); Joel Wells, Clemson hb (Packers); William Michaels, Ohio State t (Steelers); Milt Plum, Penn State qb (Browns); Bill Barnes, Wake Forest hb (Eagles); Don Shinnick, UCLA fb (Colts); Joe Walton, Pittsburgh e (Redskins); Tom Maatta, Michigan e (Cardinals); Sam DeLuca, South Carolina t (Giants); John Gordy, Tennessee t (Lions); Jim Swink, TCU hb (Bears).

DAY OF THE 'BIG GAME'

**YALE 42
HARVARD 14**

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 10
UCLA 7**

THERE is a ritualistic quality to this 61-year-old rivalry—this annual communion celebrated over the game of football and two of its earliest apostles. For that reason all 38,240 seats in Harvard's venerable Soldier's Field, the oldest of America's great stadiums, were regarded around the city of Boston with the same respect as the bean and the cod, and even 1,000 standees were willing to brave the wintry New England blasts to watch these rites from the roof of the stadium's colonnade.

There was, however, the added attraction of a Yale team as good as any in possibly two or three decades—on the days when it is in a mood to play. Although injuries had sidelined several of them, seven of the first string were seniors, and the starting backfield of Vern Loucks, Dennis McGill, Al Ward and Steve Ackerman could be rated favorably with any starting quartet in the country.

Perhaps because their football careers were ending, these exceptional football players were in the mood to play one of their finest games against Harvard. Seven minutes after the kickoff, McGill scored for the first time, and the touchdown parade was on its way. In the second quarter McGill took a pitchout from Loucks and ran 78 yards to score again. Not to be outdone, Ward, the other halfback, took a Harvard kickoff two minutes later and ran it back 79 yards for a third touchdown. Although Harvard, as it always will against Yale, played the kind of football from time to time that might best anyone, it was only too obvious that this was Yale's day. Harvard's seven-man line, with the secondary rigidly anchored on its flanks, could not hope to arrest an attack with the versatility, power and speed of Yale's. Perhaps no college team could have on the farewell appearance of the great Yale seniors.

—ALFRED WRIGHT

Nine-ty's Game of the Week last Saturday was a raw, rugged football match which let 25 million Americans see USC defeat the Bruins for the first time since 1952.

The prevailing theory about the harum-scarum Trojans is that giving them the football is like giving a 5-year-old a loaded gun. No telling what will happen, but chances are they will hurt themselves some way or other, and these odds looked good to Coach Red Sanders of UCLA. He ordered his team to lose no time presenting the ball to USC on early-down kicks. Only this time the Trojans pointed the barrel right at the heart of the UCLA team—Guard Esker Harris, Center Jim Matheny and Linebacker Don Shinnick. Matheny was carried out by the start of the second half; Harris got so provoked and frustrated he began to trade punches and was thrown out of the game; and the indestructible Shinnick was the only bona fide first-stringer the Bruins had on hand when the final whistle blew.

The only thing which prevented a rout was UCLA's ponderous punter Kirk Wilson. He kept USC at bay constantly, but the Trojans kept storming back until they got within eyeshot of the UCLA goal. Then their ball carriers would suddenly begin to disappear as though they had stepped into a school of piranha fish.

In the final analysis, the Trojans not only committed no mistakes—they finessed the game. The ball was on the UCLA 14-yard line in the third quarter. Trojan Fullback C. R. Roberts took a pitchout and began to drive to the weak side. UCLA linebackers waited, licking their chops—but Roberts suddenly stopped and lobbed a fluttery pass to End Hillard Hill. Ted Williams couldn't have caused more confusion by banging with the bases loaded. Ellsworth Kissingner's field goal actually sewed up the margin of victory but Roberts' pass won it.

—JAMES MURRAY

THE ELEVEN BEST OF 1956

George Tech
Iowa
Miami
Michigan State
Minnesota
Oklahoma

Pittsburgh
Syracuse
Tennessee
Texas A&M
Yale



**MICHIGAN 19
OHIO STATE 0**

In a 21-yard touchdown play that helped ruin OSU's hopes for a third straight Big Ten title, Michigan Halfback Terry Barr takes



UCLA'S DON SHINNICK TAKES OFF IN A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO STOP THE GAME-WINNING 23-YARD FIELD GOAL BY USC'S ELLSWORTH KISSINGER (15)

PITTSBURGH 7

PENN STATE 7

TROOPING SADLY off the field with the players, Alexander Salvaterra, a frail little man, who, like other Pitt dads, had sat on the bench, muttered:

"We should have won it."

In the stony silence of the Pitt dressing room, the acting captain, Fullback Ralph Jelle, was muttering too:

"It was just like losing."

As a matter of fact, both Penn State and Pitt had several good chances to win the 56th renewal of a savage backyard brawl in sub-freezing Pitt Stadium. But they settled for a deserved 7-7 standoff.

Penn State broke the ice early in the second quarter of this furious battle on half-frozen turf before a blanket-and-parka crowd of 52,000. Milt Plum, as versatile a quarterback as there is anywhere, made the key play in a 61-yard scoring drive by circling Pitt's right end for six yards on fourth down to lug the ball to the seven. State bit off the remaining yardage in two chunks, with Billy Kane diving inside Pitt's left tackle for the touchdown.

The Panthers came back after the following kickoff and traveled 78 yards to even the score. Corny Salvaterra, who was half a hero and later nearly the goat, threw a high lobbing pass for the final 18 yards. End Rob Rosborough snared it in the extreme corner of the end zone. Bugs Bagamery made the conversion. That was it. —EDDIE BEACHLER

CALIFORNIA 20

STANFORD 18

LYNN (PAPPY) WALDON went out in triumph when California defeated Stanford 20 to 18 in the 56th Big Game. Portly Pappy had announced his retirement after 10 years at Berkeley in a squad meeting on the Tuesday before the game. That may have been just what lit the fire under the underdog Bears, because they marched to scores the first three times they grabbed the ball. A jammed stadium of 81,410 remained to see the game ball placed in Pappy's large paws as he was lifted to shoulder pads and paraded around the field.

Stanford has lived by the pass all season, and thrice has died by the toe. Losses to UCLA (13-14) and Oregon State (19-20) kicked the Indians out of the Rose Bowl. Halfback Mike Raftery failed to hit on three against Cal, and this time the Indians were kicked out of the Honolulu Pineapple Bowl. The offer held only if Stanford won the Big Game.

Stanford went out to win this one on the ground. They made 284 yards rushing, 209 yards of it by Fullback Valli alone. But when Cal's 20-6 lead began to look ominous, John Brodie, the Indians' fantastic quarterback, took to the air and pitched nine strikes in 18 attempts for 92 yards, and, even so, he was unlucky.

The California defense rose up respectfully as the game waned. The lead was protected, and another Big Game had ended "typically"—with an upset. —ART ROSENBAUM



a flat pass from Jim Van Pelt on Ohio's 23-yard line. Breaking into the clear, Barr (41) feints OSU's Tom Dillman (50) to his knees,

spins, dances past Frank Ellwood (24) at the OSU 15-yard line and heads into the end zone as Don Clark (18) makes futile dive.

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

IT HAS BEEN a season that stayed amazingly true to form. Of the original "Eleven Best Elevens" selected by Herman Hickman before the season started, only five failed to retain this rating at the end. Army, lacking an experienced quarterback and sufficient reserve strength, approached the all-important game with Navy as something of a disappointment. Duke had its ups and downs, depending largely on the availability of its brilliant quarterback, Sonny Jurgenson. Ohio State was great on the ground, but its three losses, two of them in the final two weeks against Iowa and Michigan, brought home the basic truth that a championship team must have at least some passing. Only a hairline separated Minnesota and Michigan, but the former had to be considered the better on the basis of its Big Ten record. Notre Dame was simply too young and inexperienced to handle the kind of schedule that the Irish face year in and year out. Among the new names on the Eleven Best, Pittsburgh had been rated by Hickman as "the best in the East and a threat for the national title," but he had felt their ragged schedule would be too much for even such a strong squad as the Panthers were ready to field. Syracuse was a cinch to be good, if only because of its splendid halfback, Jim Brown. The fact that they jelled into an eleven-man instead of just a one-man team has made them the current favorite for the Lambert Trophy, symbol of eastern football supremacy. Tennessee had seemed to be a young team with plenty of potential but perhaps a year away from greatness. Thanks largely to Mr. Johnny Majors, Tennessee played the finest football in the South. The real surprise, however, was Iowa. As the Big Ten champion and its delegate to the Rose Bowl, Iowa serves as the exception, proving a very old rule: form will tell.

THE EAST

WHEN THE BOYS get to splashing tales about eastern football, they will no longer have to start their yarns with "Once upon a time. . . ." The area so long dependent on dimming memories of a glorious past wound up the 1956 season with three of the top teams in the nation and a good chance of representation in a major bowl. The renaissance was conducted, fittingly, by Yale, Syracuse and Pittsburgh, three of the very teams responsible for yesterday's memories.

Yale closed out the season Saturday with a crushing 42-14 win over Harvard in "The Game." It was the highest score in the old rivalry since 1884, when Yale beat Harvard 48-0. The win gave the Blue an 8-1 season record and undisputed possession of the first official Ivy League crown. Pittsburgh duked age-old rival Penn State to a 7-7 standoff before 51,123 at Pitt Stadium. The tie may hurt Panther chances for a bowl bid, but it certainly put Syracuse in a better position for a postseason invitation. Though Syracuse suffered its only loss to Pittsburgh, the Orange beat Penn State later in the season.

In New England, Boston College warmed up for its annual showdown with Holy Cross this Saturday by roasting neighboring Brandeis 52-0. The point total was the highest a BC team has scored since the 76-0 whaling of Holy Cross in 1946. An originally forecast, the finest football squad in New England was to be found in New Haven, Conn. But whether it was Yale or

undefeated New Haven Teachers was a matter of conjecture at Brandeis University on Waltham, Mass. Brandeis had lost a postseason scrimmage to Yale (27-13) and a scheduled game to the Teachers (46-7). It was not entirely the comparative scores which prompted Brandeis Coach Benny Friedman to observe: "The teachers are a big-college team and the best all-around squad we've seen."

Though Yale won the Ivy marbles in a walkover, it would appear that 1957 will bring tighter competition to this hallowed loop. Both Brown and Dartmouth left their fans cheering as they crowned mediocre seasons with final appearances of unexpected brilliance. Brown blanked Calgate 20-0

on Thanksgiving Day, and Dartmouth almost duplicated against Princeton 19-0 two days later. Columbus retired Coach Lou Little the way he wanted it—with an 18-12 win over Rutgers. Villanova, again on the rise as an eastern power, mauled Iowa State 26-0.

THE SOUTH

THE NEXT-TO-LAST big football Saturday in Dixie found Tennessee and Georgia Tech, the giants of the Southeastern Conference, clearing the way for prospective delegates from various bowls, while three contenders in the Atlantic Coast Conference vied for the Orange Bowl assignment by trying unsuccessfully to run up big scores on the league's lesser opposition.

Of the bowl contenders, Tennessee came closest to disaster. Kentucky led the surprised Vols 7-6 well into the fourth quarter at Knoxville until Tailback Johnny Majors took over personally and scored two touchdowns. Now only this Saturday's traditional game with Vanderbilt stands between the Vols and a perfect season. A bowl (probably Sugar) is already assured.

Georgia Tech had an unexpectedly easy time with underrated Florida, breezing home 28-0 to insure the Engineers a sixth consecutive bowl invitation. Tech must now beat a subnormal Georgia team for a 9-1 season and a date in the Cotton or Gator Bowl. Not only that, but if Tennessee loses to Vanderbilt, Tech can win the SEC.

In the struggle for the Orange Bowl, neither Clemson, South Carolina nor Duke looked particularly impressive in their final conference outings. South Carolina used runs of 14 yards by Mackie Prickett and 29 yards by Alex Hawkins to dump Wake

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

THE BOWL season opens Dec. 1, with Florida A&M and Tennessee A&I, both undefeated, meeting in the Orange Blossom Classic in Miami. Other bowl opponents: Mississippi Southern (7-1-1) vs. West Texas State (6-3) in the Tangerine at Orlando, Fla.; George Washington (7-1-1) vs. Texas Western (9-1) in the Sun at Phoenix; Montana State (10-0) vs. St. Joseph's, Ind. (8-1) in the Aluminum at Little Rock.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: Harold Stassen, former University of Pennsylvania president, on college football telecasts: "I think the present monopolistic restrictions on college football on television is a dark blot on the college scene."

SIDELINE COACHING will be urged by Buff Donnell, Boston U. coach, at the next meeting of the NCAA rules committee. "A player just under the cut of first class," he explained, "needs help. I say he should get it during the game."

TWO OLD COACHES retired last week, full of years and glory: Lou Little from Columbus after 34 years and Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, after 30 years. Don Faurot from Missouri coaches his last game Saturday after 28 years.

Furor, the cellar team, 13-0 and clinch third place in the league with a 5-2 record and a season mark of 7-3. Duke marched 83, 69 and 37 yards to whom 40-0 North Carolina 21-6 and take over second place, with 4-1 in the conference and 5-4-1 overall. Clemson looked dullest of all, stuttering to a 7-9 victory over weak Virginia on a 33-yard, first-quarter drive, but it was enough to clinch the league championship with a 4-0-1 record. With little Furman still to play, the Tigers have the inside track to the Orange Bowl, though Duke has a chance; 12 years ago, another four-time-beaten Duke team went to the Sugar Bowl and beat Alabama.

In other major action, unbeaten Miami rolled impressively over West Virginia, intercepting four passes and shutting out the Mountaineers for the first time in 55 games 18-0. Auburn squeaked past rugged Florida State 13-7 on a 67-yard pass-run play in the third quarter. Mississippi Southern, historically a menace to Alabama, tied the Crimson Tide 13-13, while Maryland salvaged something from its worst season in years by whipping North Carolina State 25-14, to wind up with a 2-7-1 record. Virginia Tech blanked VMI 45-0 and assured itself of second place in the Southern Conference.

THE MIDWEST

WITH BUSINESSLIKE efficiency Iowa defeated Notre Dame 48-8 Saturday and then sat back to enjoy the good news from Columbus, Ohio. Michigan had downed Ohio State 19-0, and, as a result, Coach Forest Evashevski's Hawkeyes had hit the jackpot: the Rose Bowl bid (Iowa's first) and the college's first Big Ten championship since 1922.

Iowa, rated an also-ran at the start of the season, completely dominated Notre Dame with a flashy, breakaway offense to finish the season with an 8-1 record. Michigan, meanwhile, was bottling up OSU's ragged ground game, springing Halfback Terry Barr for two touchdowns and sophomore Fullback John Herrstein for one. Having lost to both Minnesota and Michigan State, Michigan ended the Big Ten season in third place, with an over-all 7-2 record. By losing to Iowa and Michigan on the last two Saturdays of the season, Ohio State blew its chance to win its third Big Ten title in a row, wound up instead in a tie for fourth with Michigan State. The latter closed with a meaningless 38-17 victory over hapless Kansas State, despite a dozen fumbles.

In one of the major surprises of a topsy-turvy Big Ten season, Wisconsin tied second-place Minnesota 13-13. Wisconsin, whose only victory of the season was in an upset against winless Marquette, outplayed Minnesota all the way.

Improving Northwestern finished its best season since 1950 by edging Illinois 14-13 to grab sixth place in the conference with an over-all record of four wins, four

defeats and a tie. Purdue got some satisfaction out of the season by trouncing Indiana 38-20 for its first Big Ten victory.

In the Big Seven Oklahoma crunched over Nebraska for 656 net yards, its most overpowering performance in three overpowering years, for a 54-6 victory. Orange Bowl-bound Calaveras, warming up for the Atlantic Coast Conference's candidate, slaughtered Arizona 38-7.

Missouri Valley Champion Houston, with ambitions for something big like the Sugar Bowl or Gator Bowl—beat Texas Tech 20-7 for a 5-2-1 record. Tulsa beat Wichita 14-6. Detroit ended its season against Dayton Sunday, losing 27-13, while Oklahoma A&M winds up against Oklahoma, Dec. 1.

THE SOUTHWEST

TEXAS CHRISTIAN, befuddled and behind for more than two quarters Saturday, rushed back during the second half to overhaul Rice 20-17, and clinch at least a tie for second place in the Southwest Conference and a berth in the Cotton Bowl. Baylor, the only team which might use TCU for second place, was defeated by the Horned Frogs earlier in the season. TCU's Cotton opponent will come from a list that includes Tennessee, Navy, Georgia Tech, Syracuse and Pitt.

Baylor, openly hoping for a Sugar Bowl bid, bounced Southern Methodist 25-9. SMU drove past midfield only once, a fact that caused Mustang Coach Woody Woodward to comment: "It was defense that really won the game."

LSU Fullback Jim Taylor scored twice as the Bayou Bengals throttled Arkansas' Gator Bowl hopes 21-7.

Border Conference Champion Texas Western (9-1), en route to the Sun Bowl, embarrassed Trinity 34-9 and gained some satisfaction for its only defeat. Trinity had tied North Texas State, which had tagged Western for its only loss. Arizona State defeated College of Pacific 19-6 and Hardin-Simmons outscored New Mexico A&M 38-19 in a battle for the Border Conference cellar.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

IN THE AREA's top game, Brigham Young of the Skyline Conference punched across 30 points in a big third quarter to rip apart the Air Force Academy 34-21 in Denver. The loss gave the Cadets some idea of what to expect next year. Most of the 1957 Falcon schedule will be contested against Skyline Conference opponents. At Albuquerque, New Mexico topped San Diego State 34-21, as Quarterback Joe Gale passed the victors to two touchdowns of 64 and 23 yards and scored a third on a one-yard plunge. Utah's Redskins exploded with a 28-point second half

continued on next page



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AROUND THE COUNTRY

continued from page 47

to beat **Utah State** 39-7 and thereby gain second place in the Skyline hybrid unbeaten Wyoming. Halfback Jack Hill scored the Utes' lone touchdown, plunging over from the two. He finished the season with 105 points, losing the national scoring title to Syracuse's Jim Brown by a single point.

Denser's hot and cold Pioneers were sizzling against **Colorado A&M**, and they won 39-13. **Montana**, of the Skyline, lost the "Little Brown Stein" Thanksgiving Day game to Idaho 14-0.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC COAST football, if nothing else, was at least democratic in 1956. The equality theme was never more evident than on Thanksgiving Day at Corvallis, when **Oregon**, tied for third in the conference, held mighty **Oregon State**, the conference champ and Rose Bowl host apparent, to a 14-14 tie. There is, of course, the obvious conclusion that recruiting scandals and subsequent reprisals taken by conference fathers against the perennial league leaders dragged everyone down to the same level of mediocrity. This theory might stand up were it not for the fact that PCC teams fared amazingly well against top-flight interconference competition. **Stanford**, which finished a sad sixth, came very close to beating **Michigan State** and **Ohio State** on successive weekends earlier this fall. **California**, another PCC also-ran, beat **Pittsburgh**.

Saturday's results were further proof of the even distribution of talent. **California** edged **Stanford** 20-13, **USC** beat **UCLA** 10-7 and there was the **Oregon State** tie on Thursday. Only in the **Washington-Washington State** game—won by **Washington** 40-35—was there anything like a walkaway.

If **UCLA** had beaten **USC** Saturday, the Bruins would have ended the season with a better win-loss record (6-1) than the official conference champion, **Oregon State** (5-1-1). As it turned out, the **USC** victory brought them a second-place tie with **UCLA** (5-2), leaving **OSC** alone at the top. **Oregon** (5-5-2) and **Washington** (4-4) were tied for fourth place, **Stanford** was sixth, **Washington State** (2-5-1) seventh, **California** (2-5) eighth, and **Idaho**, as usual, was in the basement with no conference wins.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—Boston: Marvin Bolover; 9—Margaret Bowles White; 10—Harold Sany; John Sandoz; 11—Harold Sany; 12—Richard Marsh; John G. Zimmerman; 13—Richard Marsh; 14—Rexford P. Serrano; 15—John Sandoz; 16—John Sandoz; 17—John Sandoz; 18—John Sandoz; 19—John Sandoz; 20—John Sandoz; 21—John Sandoz; 22—John Sandoz; 23—John Sandoz; 24—John Sandoz; 25—John Sandoz; 26—John Sandoz; 27—John Sandoz; 28—John Sandoz; 29—John Sandoz; 30—John Sandoz; 31—John Sandoz; 32—John Sandoz; 33—John Sandoz; 34—John Sandoz; 35—John Sandoz; 36—John Sandoz; 37—John Sandoz; 38—John Sandoz; 39—John Sandoz; 40—John Sandoz; 41—John Sandoz; 42—John Sandoz; 43—John Sandoz; 44—John Sandoz; 45—John Sandoz; 46—John Sandoz; 47—John Sandoz; 48—John Sandoz; 49—John Sandoz; 50—John Sandoz; 51—John Sandoz; 52—John Sandoz; 53—John Sandoz; 54—John Sandoz; 55—John Sandoz; 56—John Sandoz; 57—John Sandoz; 58—John Sandoz; 59—John Sandoz; 60—John Sandoz; 61—John Sandoz; 62—John Sandoz; 63—John Sandoz; 64—John Sandoz; 65—John Sandoz; 66—John Sandoz; 67—John Sandoz; 68—John Sandoz; 69—John Sandoz; 70—John Sandoz; 71—John Sandoz; 72—John Sandoz; 73—John Sandoz; 74—John Sandoz; 75—John Sandoz; 76—John Sandoz; 77—John Sandoz; 78—John Sandoz; 79—John Sandoz; 80—John Sandoz; 81—John Sandoz; 82—John Sandoz; 83—John Sandoz; 84—John Sandoz; 85—John Sandoz; 86—John Sandoz; 87—John Sandoz; 88—John Sandoz; 89—John Sandoz; 90—John Sandoz; 91—John Sandoz; 92—John Sandoz; 93—John Sandoz; 94—John Sandoz; 95—John Sandoz; 96—John Sandoz; 97—John Sandoz; 98—John Sandoz; 99—John Sandoz; 100—John Sandoz.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For games of Saturday, Dec. 1

● **Army vs. Navy.** With only one loss and a tie against their record, the Middies could have their best season since 1945 by beating Army in this nationally televised game. Strangely unused and unconsidered for eastern honors, a win by the team from Crabtown could mean a Cotton Bowl invitation. But to Colonel Blaik's Cadets this game means all. Every plebe at the Point is chanting "Beat Navy" from dawn to dusk. Navy has shown the better defense and superior passing. Army has not played up to their expected potential, but remember last year. Nonetheless, NAVY.

● **Vanderbilt vs. Tennessee.** If the Vols had not been alerted by Kentucky's stern and stubborn play this past Saturday, the Commodores would have been in an ideal spot to cause trouble, but the unbeaten and untied Tennesseans will be ready for this one. They will have Drum Majors leading the parade. TENNESSEE.

● **Florida vs. Miami.** Gators going great until Tech game. Despite this loss they cannot be underrated. Prime upset possibility here, but I will have to go all the way with the Hurricanes. MIAMI.

● **Georgia vs. Georgia Tech.** Butts' Bulldogs will play their best game of the season but just do not have the power and perfection of Dodd's Yellow Jackets. Clearer than you'd think, GEORGIA TECH.

● **Mississippi vs. Mississippi State.** In Paige Cochran the Rebels have one of the best all-around players in the country despite their disappointing season. State is just not up to snuff. MISSISSIPPI.

● **Tulane vs. LSU.** Both teams in and out. Green Wave has scored fine wins over Navy, Northwestern and Mississippi. Bengal Tigercat the win trail by dumping Arkansas convincingly. Another one of those intra-state affairs where the cousins aren't kidding. TULANE.

● **Missouri vs. Kansas.** In a fitting farewell to Don Faurot, MISSOURI.

ALSO:

Auburn over Alabama

Boyle over Rice

Boston College over Holy Cross

Clemson over Furman

Houston over Detroit

New Mexico over Colorado A&M

Oklahoma over Oklahoma A&M

Southern California over Notre Dame

Texas Christian over Southern Methodist

Nov. 29

Texas A&M over Texas

Last week's hunches:

18 right, 5 wrong, 2 ties

Record to date: 184-53-12



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NEW FLOATING RIDE PUTS A CLOUD-SOFT CUSHION BETWEEN YOU AND THE ROAD—Never before have so many new features been teamed together

Only The Big M has it! A unique bumps, vibrations, and road noises

Mercury's new Floating Ride introduces four of the most effective bump-smothering features ever put between you and the road.

1. REVOLUTIONARY NEW FULL-CUSHION SHOCK ABSORBERS—The first in the industry to give such amazing control on rough roads without sacrificing a soft, satin-smooth ride on average roads. These shock absorbers are of a completely new design, specially engineered to team with Mercury's new improved springing action.

For the first time on any car, special high-speed valves—or "hydraulic cushions"—have been built into the shock ab-

sorbers. They go to work whenever there are rapid changes between bumps and ruts, or at high speeds. The up and down movement of the wheels—bound and rebound—is controlled and cushioned as if by a giant hand.

2. NEW SWEPT-BACK BALL-JOINT FRONT SUSPENSION—Even Mercury's famous ball-joint front suspension is new and improved—has a new swept-back design. Now, in effect, the front wheels are pulled over bumps instead of being pushed into them. The result: easier driving, far more responsive steering.

3. NEW ROAD-HUGGING CENTER OF GRAVITY—Everything is lower. Car height, passenger compartment, frame, and rear

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just for your comfort. You ride along with satin smoothness. Shown above, the Monterey Phantom Coupe in Mercury's lowest priced series.

new Floating Ride that smothers —offers you dream-smooth driving!

axle. On curves or on straightaways, THE BIG M clings to the road as if it owned it. And it does!

4. NEW BALANCED WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION—The distribution of car weight, between front and back, has been scientifically balanced to greatly reduce nose dipping on sudden stops, and lurching on fast starts. And this year, THE BIG M is even bigger—with the biggest size increase in the industry. Mercury is now close to two-tones big! The extra weight, length, width,

and wheelbase all add to Mercury's even-keel stability.

Working together, these new road-smoothing features produce Mercury's amazing new Floating Ride.

It's like a million dollars' worth of velvet under your wheels—a revolutionary new cushioning action you have to feel to believe. We invite you to stop in at your Mercury dealer's and try it. A new adventure in riding comfort awaits you.

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CAVEAT ANNAPOLIS

'Navy beware' is the message to be read between the lines in what Earl Blaik has to say as he gets his Cadets ready to face the favored Middies in Philadelphia this Saturday in the 57th meeting of the two great rivals

THE UNDERDOG might as well be the favorite in the Army-Navy game. Half the time in the past 10 years, the favorite has been bounced down hard on his presumptuousness. So this year, with Army on the short end of the odds, Earl Blaik of West Point is the man to hear from.

Coach Blaik, a veteran of almost a score of Army-Navy games, speaks in duly measured tones.

"I expect as always," Blaik said the other day, "that the game will go to the last minute of play. This year the Navy will probably be rated the favorite. They have a better record than we do [Navy is 6-1-1, Army is 5-8]. They have three quarterbacks to our one. They have superior halfbacks and a larger line than we do, and their running game must be rated more substantial than the Army's. They have all this on paper but, frankly, I don't think the Navy is any better a football team than we are." (You can be sure that, down at Annapolis, Coach Eddie Erdelatz is making the same point to the Middies, and not just out of courtesy.)

"There was a time when I hated the two weeks before the Navy game," Blaik went on. "Had trouble sleeping. Couldn't eat. But I like it now. Gives me the time I need with the players."

"You know, it's amazing what you have to do for a game like this. The detail, the detail. Seventy per cent of coaching is the thought that goes into it. Thirty per cent is your ability to carry it through to the team. Meticulous plans are no good unless you can get them across to the men. And, for a game like this where you have two weeks in which to practice, you have to be sure to bring the team along slowly enough so the boys aren't ready three days before the game."

Blaik said he thought Army,

despite losses to Michigan, Syracuse and Pittsburgh, is still one of the top teams in the East.

"People say Army football is on a decline. You don't win every game you play, so right away you're supposed to be declining. We play one of the toughest schedules in the country. We have to expect to lose a few. People should understand that. We may be in a decline so far as material and depth of material go, but you can blame high-pressure recruiting for that."

"When we lost all our players in the cribbing scandal five years ago we had to start building all over again. It's tough to get an outstanding football player who can meet the academic standards at West Point. And the few student

halfplayers of this caliber are quickly gobbled up by other institutions with more enticing offers. The Ivy League, the sacrosanct Ivy League, is sitting on their doornests all year round.

"So the outlook for improved football at Army is, frankly, not the brightest. We don't have one tackle in our entire plebe class. Five players we considered outstanding who were entered in our plebe class last summer were persuaded at the last minute to change and are now playing for two eastern universities. We cannot compete with high-pressure tactics of this sort. Yet we will always have good football at the Point. There is a spirit here that you don't find at other schools. It makes up for a lack in natural ability. I don't think Army football will ever be second-rate as long as the Corps has that spirit."

The Navy game? Earl Blaik, in his role of underdog, didn't want to talk about it. Caveat Annapolis. —DON PARKER



EARL BLAIK'S Black Knights will enter the Navy game as the underdogs, a favorable omen in recent years.

FOR PLAY DIAGRAM AND SCOUTING REPORTS ON ARMY-NAVY, TURN PAGE



ARMY

ENDOWED, as usual, with fast, hard-running backs, Army sticks to the ground for its bread-and-butter yardage. With the switch of Bob Kysasky from quarterback to fullback, the Cadets have added even greater speed to their running, while Dave Bourland gives them better passing from the

quarterback post. Army's passes are usually short ones. Their favorite is a quick jump pass which develops from the threat of a run. Despite their running average of 285 yards per game, Army has had only a mediocre season, having lost games to Michigan, Syracuse and Pittsburgh.



83 ART JOHNSON
Left end



74 LOREN REID
Left tackle



61 RICHARD FADEL
Left guard



51 JAMES KERNAN
Center



44 MIKE MORALES
Left half



11 DAVE BOURLAND
Quarterback



65 BUCK STEPHENSON
Right end



70 FLAY GOODWIN
Right tackle



62 STAN SLATER
Right guard



54 ED SZVETCEK
Center



48 RICK MURLAND
Right half



42 BOB KYASKY
Fullback

THE LINEMEN

81 ARTHUR JOHNSON. An excellent blocker, an adequate receiver on the short, quick, Army-type passes. On defense, he is strong against off-tackle plays, reacts well to the outside and does adequate job of dropping off into flat for passes.

61 RICHARD STEPHENSON. A former guard converted to end, he is a very strong blocker and does as well as Johnson on Army's passes. Plays aggressive defense, rushes passer well, drops off for pass defense. He covers his area well, both inside and out.

74 LOREN REID. Army's best tackle, fast, strong and quick. Good blocker. His pursuit on outside plays is excellent and, although he rushes passer well, he is still hard to trap.

70 FLAY GOODWIN. A former guard converted to tackle, he has only fair speed, but is quick in short spurts. A very aggressive player who can be trapped. Quick charge allows him to put strong pressure on passer.

61 RICHARD FADEL. Army's best guard, pulls and blocks well on offense, is effective linebacker on defense. Good pursuit, good at choking end and covering hook zone against passes. He is also a fine downfield blocker.

62 STAN SLATER. Good speed, good blocker on offense. Has not lived up to expectations on defense playing difficult middle-guard post, but that may be because Army tackles are not able to do job they did last year.

51 JAMES KERNAN. Because of better skill at making ball exchange with quarterback, he is Army's best center. Fine offensive blocker,

Fadel's equal as linebacker. He tackles well and does a good job as backer in the Eagle 5-4 defense.

54 ED SZVETCEK. He is almost Kernan's equal offensively and defensively, but Army has more confidence in Kernan's snapback. Army loses little strength when he is in game.

THE BACKFIELD

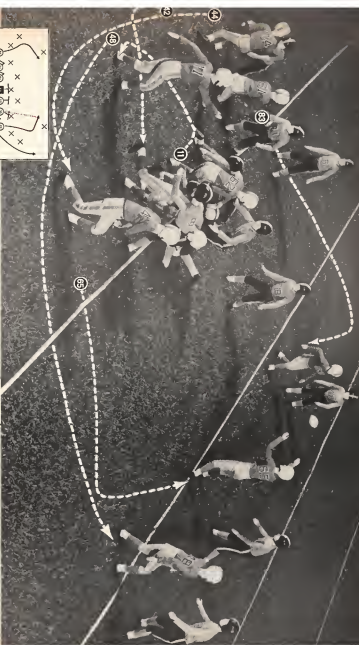
44 MIKE MORALES. Blocks well, runs aggressively and has good speed. Although only a sophomore he is more reliable than other halfbacks on defense but is still vulnerable to passing. Gained valuable experience on B squad last year, and he is more mature than most sophomores.

48 RICHARD MURLAND. Army's best back, apart from Kysasky. Picks holes well and is big and fast enough to drive for extra yards. Defends well against both passing and running, a real work horse. He has been Army's most consistent back during the past three years.

11 DAVE BOURLAND. A good ball handler and a master faker, he took over from Kysasky at mid-season. He is Army's best passer, and his experience makes him a more able field general than Kysasky. Good defender against runs, not so good against passes. He is also a good runner.

42 BOB KYASKY. An exceptionally fast, agile runner who keeps his feet well. Must be covered on ride series; a good faker. When in doubt, tackle him. He is also a very fine pass receiver. Defensively, he is excellent on running plays, can be passed against, especially on running fakes, but recovers well with his great speed. He has saved several touchdowns on pursuit from behind.

ARMY'S JUMP PASS

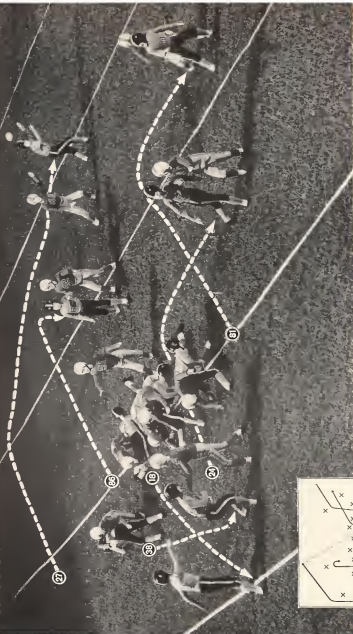


THIS JUMP PASS, demonstrated by the football machine, takes full advantage of the tendency of the defense to keep a very wary eye on Kynsley (48). Army's great runner, Boardland (11) moves to his right, takes a hardoff to Kynsley, who goes on to the back defensive line and must pull the defense in. The left half, Morales (44), swings wide on a

line to his right, then turns into a blocker. Right Halfback, McFarland (46) runs down and out to pull the center defensive back with him, and Right End Stephenson (65) cuts quickly across the line and to his left in front of the deep man. Boardland, after jelling with Kynsley, drops back to find passing room behind his blockers, jumps, throws to Stephenson.



NAVY'S DEEP PASS



NAVY LINES to throw backdoor, passes and to throw, also, to a halfback who drives through the line first, after faking a handoff from quarterback Forrestal (18). The pass here illustrated by the football mauler is a natural development from this series and went for 73 yards and a touchdown against Cornell. Right End Smith (81) and Right Half

Burdett (24) lift into the short and long area to the right to pull the defense that way. Left End Johnson (46) backpedals in front of the deep defensive back to bring him in. Left Half Oldham (27) is flanked, goes deep and fast, forcing the close defensive back to try to stay with him. Forrestal throws to Oldham as he is cutting across downfield.



NAVY



DUE LARGELY to its fine linemen, Navy rates among the nation's best in both rushing and total defense. The Midies have no one runner as good as Army's Kyasky, but their fast backs plug away effectively from the split-T, using the "belly series" well. Tom Forrestal, who played second

fiddle to the brilliant George Welsh last year, has become the best of the three competent Navy quarterbacks, passes well and handles the mechanics of the split-T capably. Coach Eddie Erdelatz's forces, which are surprisingly deep in reserves for a rebuilding year, have only lost one game.



86 PETE JOHANSSON
Left end



76 TONY ANTHONY
Left tackle



61 TONY STREMIC
Left guard



58 W. WHITMORE
Center



27 NED OLOHAN
Left half



18 TOM FORRESTAL
Quarterback



81 EARLE SMITH
Right end



71 BOB REIFSNYDER
Right tackle



67 JIM HOWER
Right guard



47 PAUL GORER
Right half



24 CHET BURCHETT
Right half



38 VINCE MONTA
Fullback

THE LINEMEN

86 PETER JOHANSSON. Started season as a substitute, but caught two touchdown passes against Pennsylvania and developed so rapidly from mid-season that he is a regular now. A hustling, aggressive player.

81 EARLE SMITH. Team captain and a good all-round end. On defense plays tight so that it is hard to run inside him. He is a good receiver, especially on buttonhook passes. Smith does all of Navy's punting. Since Ron Beagle's graduation, he is getting the credit due him.

76 ANTHONY ANTHONY. He is the weaker of the two starting tackles. Not too active, he failed to react quickly enough against Cornell's inside dive play. He is not active enough to cover entire territory well.

71 ROBERT REIFSNYDER. One of the best sophomore tackles in the country. Especially strong at covering to his inside on defense. A former high school fullback, has good speed, but can be hurt on plays which veer to his outside. He is hard to trap, has improved all season and is a future great.

61 TONY STREMIC. A hard, slashing type of guard who has played two varsity seasons and uses his experience well. Gives opposing center trouble when Navy is on defense, has great pursuit. A smart, alert player.

67 JIM HOWER. A sound, capable football player. He has good speed, gets downfield quickly, covers the flat zone well against passes. Backs up the left side of the line on defense. Not flashy and often overlooked by the fans, but he is a solid player.

58 NELSON WHITMORE. A senior, he is one of the best centers in the East. Plays right linebacker in the Navy defense, is quick and agile and a good pass defender. A great leader and a devastating tackler who hits so hard he sometimes knocks himself out. He is a fine offensive blocker.

THE BACKFIELD

47 PAUL GORER. A tough senior halfback who won starting job from last year's regular right half. On defense, he is probably Navy's best pass defender and is a sure tackler. When he has the ball he can slip away from a careless tackle, must be hit hard. Late-season knee injury may keep him out of game.

27 NED OLOHAN. He is Navy's best all-round back. Quick and a hard runner, he is especially effective on quick pitch from quarterback on wide end run. He defends against both passing and running adeptly and will make the "big play" for Navy. His ability to recover makes him a good pass defender.

24 CHET BURCHETT. At 162 pounds, he is rather small, but he is fast and tough and an all-the-way threat. Blocks well on pass plays and is a good receiver too. Tackles hard on defense, but can be gamed on.

18 TOM FORRESTAL. Good field general, good passer if given time to throw. Runs option play, but is not fast. Weak on pass defense.

38 VINCE MONTA. A big, roughneck type of runner who would rather run over a defender than go around him. He gets valuable short yardage for Navy and is fast for his size. He is not as good on defense, however. Duck Dagampat (44), a hard-running sophomore who excels on defense, will split fullback duties with Monta.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Carolyn Jones, attractive Mount Holyoke senior from Newtonville, Mass. and president of the school's water ballet, has been named 41st recipient of Sarah Streeter prize, given each year for good health and good posture.



Earl Buchholz Jr., rising young tennis star from St. Louis who twice won national indoor boys' title, moved up to defeat Eddie Sledge 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 for U.S. indoor junior crown at St. Louis, paired with Sledge to win doubles.

OLYMPICS

Olympics opened at Melbourne with usual fanfare and galaxy of outstanding performances as early events bore out predictions of experts (SI, Nov. 19). U.S. was off and running in competition for gold medals, displaying expected strength in track and field and providing mild surprises in weight lifting, where records fell with almost every lift of a bar bell (see page 12).

RECORD BREAKERS

Melbourne held firm monopoly on week's record breakers as world and Olympic marks were shattered with furious frequency. Weight lifters rewrote world record book with following achievements: Bantam-weight Chuck Vinci of U.S., 753.5 pounds; Featherweight Isaac Berger of U.S., 776.5 pounds; Middleweight Fedor Bogdanovski of Russia, 925.75 pounds; Light Heavyweight Tommy Kono of U.S., 986.56 pounds. Norway's Egil Danielsen also rifled javelin 261 feet 2½ inches for world standard. Olympic marks which fell: Winner Glenn Davis and Eddie Southern (in semifinal) of U.S. each clocked 56.1 for 400-meter hurdles; Tom Courtney of U.S. surged to front in 800 meters in 1:47.7; Bob Richards of U.S. soared 14 feet 11½ inches in pole vault; Harold Connolly of U.S. tossed hammer 207 feet 3½ inches; Charlie Dumas of U.S. leaped 6 feet 11½ inches in high jump; Russia's Vladimir Kuts earned brilliant tactical 10,000-meter victory in 28:45.6; Czechoslovakia's Olga Flukotová won women's discus with heave

of 176 feet 1½ inches; Australia's Betty Cuthbert set 100-meter mark of 11.4 in trial heat; Russian Lightweight Igor Rybak lifted 837.5 pounds; Heavyweight Paul Anderson of U.S. raised 1,102.3 pounds.

Holland's wondrous Robben Gub water sprites, denied their chance to compete in Olympics, continued to churn up world records. Backstroker Lenie de Nijs, Breast-stroker Rita Kroon, Butterflyer Atle Voorbij and Freestyler Greetje Kraan swooshed 400-meter medley in 4:54.3 at Hilversum (Nov. 19).

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma and Tennessee continued unbeaten march, the Sooners routing Nebraska 54-6 for 39th straight while Vols turned to Johnny Majors in last quarter to beat Kentucky 29-7, but Yale and Iowa also made big-time news. Elits hepped all over Harvard 42-14 to win Ivy League title; Iowa, headed for Rose Bowl date with Oregon State (unexpectedly tied by Oregon 14-14), thumped much-beaten Notre Dame 48-8, heard good news that Michigan had beaten Ohio State 19-0 to give Hawkeyes first clear-cut Big Ten championship in 35 years. Among other notable results: TCU edged Rice 20-17 for Cotton Bowl berth; Orange Bowl-bound Colorado warmed up by beating Arizona 38-7; Clemson won 7-0 squeaker from Virginia to clinch Atlantic Coast Conference crown; Columbia outscored Rutgers 18-12 for retiring Coach Lou Little; Pitt and Penn State played 7-7 tie; USC held off UCLA 10-7; California came

through for Coach Pappy Waldorf, who had announced retirement five days earlier, scoring over Stanford 20-18.

Chicago Bears staged spine-tingling rally in closing minutes to tie New York 17-17, but both teams held on to lead in respective NFL conferences. Chicago Cards stayed right behind Giants in East, outscoring Pittsburgh 38-27 while Detroit lost ground to Bears in West after 24-30 Thanksgiving Day upset at hands of Green Bay. Washington continued to streak, coming from behind to beat Cleveland 20-17 for fifth straight; Baltimore overwhelmed Los Angeles 56-21; San Francisco and Philadelphia played to 10-10 deadlock.

Edmonton Eskimos, hard-pressed in first half, cranked up their version of Oklahoma split-T in third and fourth quarters, turned loose Americans Jackie Parker and Johnny Bright and Canadian Don Getty to rout Montreal Alouettes 50-27 for third straight Grey Cup title at Toronto.

HOCKEY

Boston's nine-game unbeaten string was snapped by New York 4-3 for Rangers' first win in 11 starts, but Bruins outkicked Toronto 3-2, 3-1 for two-point NHL lead over Detroit, which tied Maple Leafs and Chicago and beat Black Hawks, and six over still spluttering Montreal.

BOXING

Charley Humes, French middleweight contender, slugged it out with plodding Ralph (Tiger) Jones in bloody 10-round

FOCUS ON THE DEED



AFFAIRS OF STATE take a holiday as Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie (left) proves to be as adept as his smiling host, Japan's Crown Prince Akihito, at unfamiliar sport of snaring ducks with a net at Imperial Hunting Ground in Saitama Prefecture, near Tokyo.



STATE OF AFFAIRS is of little concern to Adlai Stevenson, shown with his prize after shoot at South Carolina plantation.



John W. Roberts, stylish-stroking executive-golfer from Columbus, Ohio, muddled through 6 on final hole but had big enough cushion to win Southern Seniors Golf Association tournament with 231 for 54 holes at Pinehurst, N.C.



Mrs. Alfred J. Smithwick, Hyde, Md. sportswoman and mother of ranking steeplechase rider Pat, also had top brush-division home in Crag, which scored 15 points to win United Hunts Racing Association award and \$1,000.



Ray Ratkowski, speedy halfback for Brooklyn's St. Francis Prep and highly-regarded schoolboy quarter-mile, set college scouts hot on his trail when he scored 52 points in little more than a half to help team beat John Adams 60-6.

before 13,000 at Paris, came away with leaded.

Gaspar Ortega, quick-moving Mexican with handy knack of knocking over favorites, added still another to his list, stabbing and jabbing away at bomb-throwing ex-Welterweight Champion Tony DeMarco in early rounds and bravely trading punches with heavy-hitting Bostonian in later rounds to win 10-round split decision in New York's Madison Square Garden. Said amazed DeMarco: "I guess all you can say is that the horse ran out."

HORSE RACING

Twigs, still suspended in sling to facilitate healing of left hind leg fractured in Oct. 9 workout at Garden State, was choice or Horse of Year and best handicap horse in annual poll of *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*. Other bests: **Bardol**, 2-year-old colt; **Leahlah**, 3-year-old filly; **Needler**, 3-year-old colt; **Doubleleg**, 3-year-old filly; **Decathlon**, sprinter; **Rue Sparker**, handicap filly or mare; **Cacer Boy**, grass horse; **Shipboard**, steeplechaser. Latest report on **Swaps**: recovering; appears brighter and even gets full weight in injured leg for brief periods without aids; X-rays show good callus formation.

Summer Tan, back in big money after pending most of year chasing home winners, began to look more and more like horse it should have been, outfooting straining wideafternoon and spent find to win going away by three lengths in \$50,000 Pinalia special.

BASEBALL

Don Newcombe, his feelings bruised and battered by World Series failures and criticism by fans despite 27 regular-season victories for Brooklyn Dodgers, got morale-boosting lift (and salary-talking point) when Baseball Writers Association voted him 40-point edge over Trautman Sal Maglie for National League's Most Valuable Player award. Confessed surprised but happy Newk: "I didn't think I'd get it."

Philadelphia traded power for defense, giving up Outfielder Del Ennis, who spent 11 major-league years clouting home runs (259) for Phillies and unnamed minor leaguer to St. Louis for Outfielder Rip Repulski and Utility Infielder Bobby Morgan.

BASKETBALL

Boston's famed one-two punch of Bill Sharman and Bob Cousy helped Celtics run off three straight over Philadelphia and Syracuse (whose Coach Al Cervi resigned, was replaced by Player Paul Seymour) to move 3½ games in front of Warriors in Eastern Division of NBA. St. Louis routed Syracuse, split pair of close ones with Minneapolis to remain on top in West.

AUTO RACING

Jimmy Bryan, eight-championing Phoenix sportsman who wrestled head from injured and sidelined Indianapolis "500" winner, Pat Flaherty, with victory in his third straight Hoosier Hundred Sept. 15, went on to pile up 1,860 points to win 1956 USAC auto racing championship.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

STIRLING MOSS, England, 106-m. Australian Tourist Trophy, in Maserati 200S, Melbourne.

BOXING

BROWN, Texaco Arabian Memorial Regatta, with 250 pts., Chicago.

BOXING

ROSEY CASTELLANI, 10-round decision over Al Anderson, middleweight, Providence.
SPYDER WIRE, 10-round decision over Charlie Green, middleweight, Hollywood.
GABRIELI (Sugar) HART, 10-round TKO over Hector Castanos, welterweight, New York.
IRE CHESTNUT, 10-round split decision over Tommy Binn, Hollywood.

CROSS-COUNTRY

WALTER MCIVIN, Texas, NCAA title in 18:55.7 for 4 m.; 6 leading 30th Team champion Michigan State, with 26 pts.
JOE VILLARREAL, Texas, Southern Conference title in 9:55.3 for 2 m.; College Division, Team Texas champion Arkansas, with 31 pts.
RAY KENNEDY, Nebraska (Lead) College AAAA title, in 22:42.3 for 4 m.; 35 pts., Omaha.

FIELD TRIAL

MARSHES SASSY REOTS (Black Labrador), owned by William T. Olsen, Chicago, will represent championship Wildcat Springs Mo.

FOOTBALL

HESSAIA (Colt) BARR, over Chattanooga Chieftans, 7-0, Piggly Wink Bowl Valley Stream, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

ONE PAGER: \$17,660 James H. Cannon Memorial Stakes, 1 1/16 m., by 1½ lengths, in 1:45 4/5, Rosemead Pa., George Robb up.

SOCCER

YALE, over Harvard, 2-1, for Ivy League title, Cambridge, Mass.

SQUASH RACQUETS

G. DIERL MATTER, Philadelphia, Tucker Golden round robin, with 4-3 record, Englewood, N.J.

TABLE TENNIS

CALIFORNIA, men's women's table tennis title, with 6-3 record, Chicago.

continued on page 54



BASKET-STUFFING Will: (The Suit) Chamberlain gives Kansas fans a preview of what they can expect to see this winter.



OLYMPIC OATH is delivered by Australia's John Landy, on behalf of more than 4,600 athletes, at the opening ceremonies.



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SCOREBOARD *continued*



Carleton Mitchell, ruddy-faced Annapolis and Nassau yachtsman - author, was big 1956 ocean racing winner, skippering his *Finisterre* (see below) to South-Creik championship and victories in Bermuda and St. Petersburg races.

FOR THE RECORD *continued*

DEEP WATER WINNERS 1956

MOONBEE, skippered by Neil Evans, Sydney, Australia, Sydney to Hobart (Tasmania), 640 m., Dec. 28.
EVENFIDE, skippered by Stephen Hewitt, Los Angeles, San Diego to Acapulco, 1,432 m., Jan. 15.
PORTENA, skippered by Argentine Naval Academy, Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro, 1,280 m., Jan. 22.
GRIGLIO, skippered by Luis Rodas, Havana, Miami to Nassau, 164 m., Jan. 31.
FINISTERRE, skippered by Carleton Mitchell, Annapolis, St. Petersburg to Havana, 244 m., March 10.
SIFRUS, skippered by Howard Ahlstrom, Newport Harbor, Calif., Newport Beach to Ensenada (Mexico), 125 m., May 3.
WANDERER, skippered by T. Buchanan, Auckland, Auckland to Gore (New Zealand), 1,390 m., May 23.
COLLIWOOD, skippered by Colin Harty, City Island, N.Y., Stone Harbor (L.I. Sound), 250 m., May 25.
PRISIDENCE, skippered by Carleton Mitchell, Annapolis, Newport to Bermuda, 636 m., June 31.
JADA, skippered by Bill Sturgeon, Los Angeles, Los Angeles to Tokyo, 2,571 m., June 30.
ADIOS, skippered by Dr. Carl Jensen, Seattle, Seattle to Lynden, Victoria, B.C., 636 m., June 23.
QUERIAN, skippered by Bob Shaw, Detroit, Mills Trophy (Tahiti), 70 m., June 29.
POCRANA, sailed by Southampton School of Navigation, England, Tall Ships, Sydney to Lisbon 780 m., July 7.
STIFFY, skippered by Joe Schoenfeld Jr., Milwaukee, Port Moresby to Melbourne, 235 m., July 14.
FLISTWOOD, skippered by Neil Galt, Chicago, Chicago to Melbourne, 533 m., July 31.
TUGA, skippered by Bradley F. Rogers, Marblehead, Mass., Acapulco (Mexico) 23 m., Aug. 6.
DEPARTING II, skippered by Edward S. Nelson Jr., Danbury, Miss., Portland (Me.) to Maricao Wharf, 127 m., Aug. 10.
COTTON BLOSSOM IV, skippered by Walter Wheeler Jr., Stamford Conn., Stamford to Maricao Wharf, 221 m., Aug. 31.
REBEL, skippered by Doug Sherwood, Seattle, 113-Island series overall winner. Other race winners: "Chile" to "Napa" Island, "Seaward," Protection Island "Warrior" to "Hawaii," Seattle.
SIRIUS, skippered by Edward Ahlstrom, Newport Harbor. The Whitney Trophy (open-ocean series "Melkey," Midway, Catalina Island, "B. B.," San Clemente Island, "Westward," San Diego, "Avalon," Channel Island, "Hyal," "Tideheads," "Sirius," Catalina Island, "Melody," Santa Barbara Island), southern California. **BOPCOND**, sailed by U.S. Naval Academy, The Rogers Invitation (Chesapeake Bay), 100 m., Nov. 9.



SAILS BILLOWING against a white-clouded background, aqua-bodied little *Finisterre* heads for sea off Miami coast.

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This holiday season, the traditional dishes will all be there—but how the recipes have changed!

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The *Light*
refreshment



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SPORT IN ART

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Rousseau's quaintly mustachioed soccer players

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• HORSES

by ALICE HIGGINS

The year's most lavish show brings red carpets, record jumpers and a "Doc" from Illinois to the

TORONTO SHOWCASE

THE MOST ELEGANT showcase for the formal display of the horse undoubtedly is Toronto's Royal Agricultural Winter Fair. There, in a bunting-bedecked coliseum, some 600 American and Canadian horses vied for red rosettes while Toronto citizens, equally competitive, vied for tickets to see them perform. At New York's National, which immediately precedes the Winter Fair, one sometimes feels that only members of that vaguely entrenched group caricatured as the horsey set worry about seats. In Toronto, it seems, *everybody* wanted to go to the fair. All seats were sold and the sign, familiar on Broadway but rarer than eccentric Mrs. Libby Chase Swift's jumping mule at a horse show, appeared: "Standing Room Only." Even standing room sold so well the fire department had to call a halt.

Thousands daily streamed under the monumental arch not only to see the show but also to visit the two-story horse palace, the flower exhibit and the lavish displays of cattle, swine, sheep, rabbits and birds. For the Winter Fair, modeled frankly on Chicago's gigantic International Livestock Exposition (now in progress), has outstripped its ideal. It has, in addition to size, a formal elegance that relies not only on the presence of perfectly attired box holders in white tie and sweeping dresses, but also on the proceedings in the ring itself. For example, for the presentation of awards, a relatively casual ceremony in the U.S., two soldiers roll out a special red carpet so that the ladies need not trail their long gowns in the tanbark when bestowing trophies. Even the show's end, when God Save the Queen is played a final, nostalgic time, is as stirring as the actual performance. The show's champions pass under a triumphal arch of flags to mass in the ring in colorful confusion, along with the Mounties, the international teams and wagons laden with farm produce and flowers.

The Canadians are not only out to thrill the audience but to inform it. An

electric timer flashes the seconds so that all can keep track of timed events, and a scoreboard posts for ready reference the number of faults made in jumping classes.

With all of this excellence of staging and presentation, it came as a surprise to some that Canadian horses failed to make more of a showing. The bulk of first-place honors went to U.S. horses but this is less surprising than it seems. With only three major shows in Canada (against 15 or 20 in the U.S.), there is little opportunity to develop the polish needed to overcome the thoroughly practiced U.S. invaders.

A DOC FROM ILLINOIS

It was a combination of a Canadian-owned horse and a surprise driver from St. Charles, Ill., R. C. (Doc) Flanery, that kept at least some Canadian silver at home. Doc, the flamboyant driver of many a champion road horse, had retired from showing trotters in the ring in order to train them for the track. However, when Montreal's Roy Calder turned up with a cyst on his hand and was unable to drive, a phone call to Illinois brought Doc Flanery back into the ring to take over Calder's good road horse, Royal Commander. Elbows cocked, leaning out of the buggy at his usual 45° angle, with one foot on the side bar and the other braced against the dash, Doc seemed delighted to be back in the ring, and the crowd cheered its approval. When the red carpet was put in place and the new roadster champion announced, Doc drove both horse and buggy into the middle of the carpet to receive the rosette.

The Toronto show also is the scene of the final appearance of the international jumping teams. The U.S. horses were jumping both high and handsome, and this was more than evident in the International Individual Pulesance (one of five events in which they placed first). In the jump-offs the jumps were raised repeatedly until the stone wall towered at 6 feet 3 and the triple bar was spread to nine feet and raised to

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



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five and a half (higher than anything in the Olympics). Only Hugh Wiley on Nautical, the big palomino which had to stay home from the Games because of a nail in his hoof, and Mexico's General Humberto Mariles on Chihuahua II were left. Chihuahua II refused the ultimate challenge, and a limp but triumphant Wiley accepted the red rosette for the U.S. (In Canada red is first and blue is second.)

Busier than any horse at the show was Virginian Robert Burke. In the \$1,500 Open Jumper Stake he rode (among others) Black Velvet, owned by the A.B.C. Farms of Brompton, Ontario; Bar Hop, property of Alan B. Connell Jr. of Fort Worth; and Saxon Woods, owned by the Saxon Woods' Farms, White Plains, N.Y. The stake was won by the Canadian horse, with the Texas horse second and the New York horse third—all with Burke aboard.

As was traditional, the last class of the eight-day show was the international team challenge trophy event—total low score deciding the winner. It was soon a contest between two teams.

Although the U.S.'s Defense made a clean trip for Frank Chapot, he was slow and received half a time fault. Mexico's Julio Herrera on the 14 de Agosto made his round without a fault. Hugh Wiley on Nautical came close to going off course, swung quickly back but was forced to take a refusal, which added time faults to his score of one knockdown. Mexico's Hugo Barragan, riding at Toronto in place of Samuel Soheron, had one knockdown and a quarter time fault with Tarahumara. Bill Steinkraus' First Boy added to the American score with two knockdowns and a quarter time fault. Last to ride was General Mariles on Chihuahua, and it seemed as certain as sunrise over Chapultepec that the Mexicans were going to pull off their usual last-night coup—despite the fact that the general had received the disturbing news that his government had just appointed five new official teams without consulting him. Even with three knockdowns they would still win, and three knockdowns for Chihuahua seemed highly improbable. The bobtailed horse pepped over the first few obstacles with ease. Then, inexplicably, the general turned left when he should have turned right. The Mexican team was disqualified, and the second-placing U.S. team was suddenly first. "The general," murmured one of his teammates regretfully after the show, "has his troubles. He has many things on his mind." The general also had tears in his eyes. (END)

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TIP FROM THE TOP



particularly for
advanced golfers

from PALMER MAPLES, Bienenwiese Country Club,
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One of the features distinguishing the swings of topnotch golfers, so goes one of the clichés of the locker room and the practice fairway, is the definite pause between completing the backswing and commencing the downswing. Some clarification of this point would, I think, be helpful. The impression most golfers get when they watch a fine player is that all movement ceases during the pause at the top of his swing. It does look that way to the untrained eye, but in reality the frozen pause as such doesn't exist. It is the effect produced when the wrists begin to flex back (in a counterclockwise arc) as they reverse their direction and begin the downswing.

The average golfer who wants to get the feeling of this so-called pause can do so if he times his swing by saying to himself, "Swing back and through"—the "and" would then coincide with that period of the swing in which his hands hold the club at the top of his backswing while the wrists reverse into the downswing. There is more than just good looks to this action, as there is in all good style. It is a refinement of timing that inevitably leads to the proper extension of the wrists and arms at contact. While the apparent pause is present in the good golf swing, it is never present in the stiff and tense golf swing. What makes for the pausing effect is leaving out all effort to achieve it.



At the top of the swing, the
wrists reverse their direction,
creating the effect of a pause

NEXT WEEK: CHARLES McKENNA ON THE FOUNDATION OF RHYTHM



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And note, too, Hathaway's way with collars—the shirt shown above looks just as spruce worn casually open as snugly buttoned. Price? \$15.95 in your choice of authentic Scottish tartans. (Tartan shown is the *G Campbell*.) Or \$12.95 in solid colors.

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COLONIAL POLICEMAN CLEARS THE WAY FOR THE D JAGUAR OF OMAHA'S LOYAL KATSKEE AS IT LEAVES SHIP AND HEADS FOR THE RACES

WATCHING cars being unloaded, driver's wife Mrs. Dale Duncan (left) and Mrs. Aileen Dayton wait at dock.



CHECKING timed practice run, Spain's daredevil Ferrari driver, Marquis de Portago, examines stop watch with Dorian Leigh and Glib Derajinsky.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUNNIDE

SAND, SEA AND SPEED

For a week in December Nassau is the scene of a special merry-go-round of gaiety. Besides the customary Bahamian ingredients of bathing, water skiing and partying, there is the added stimulation of a first-rate sports car racing meet. Mixed in with the crowd next week will be 120 or so topnotch drivers, and from the Royal Victoria to the Silver Slipper the talk will be of cams and valves and gears. But there are sights to be seen as well, conch fritters to be eaten and calypso bands to be heard. And, as indicated on these pages, girl-watching to be done. With all this funmaking, however, there is still the serious business of races to be won. A solid favorite from Great Britain will be Stirling Moss (right), the heir apparent to World Champion Juan Fangio, driving a potent three-liter Maserati. From Spain comes the Marquis de Posa-

confound



BRITAIN'S STIRLING MOSS HITCHES A RIDE WITH LADY GRETA OAKEN

WEARING Nassau straws, Ebbie Lunken and SOCA President Jim Kimberly look more like tourists than race drivers. Each will drive a Ferrari.



RELAXING at Nassau race course, Actress Louise King rests against an oil-drum marker as sports cars tune up.





POISED for a comfortable day at the auto races, Valerie Witalis is equipped with a straw hat, sunglasses, binoculars and camera.

PERCHED on a hydrant, a very small boy studies a very small car. It is the Formula III Cooper of Philadelphia's Harry Whitney.



SAND, SEA AND SPEED

continued from page 48

who is said to have tempered his lead-pedal foot and matured appreciably as a driver since he played *à tort* in winning last year's Nassau Governor's Cup race. A comer on the exacting Grand Prix circuit and winner of the automobile Tour de France, the Spaniard is always a colorful contender.

Colin Chapman, builder of the smart and swift little English Lotus racers, will drive one of them. Chapman delighted the London Motor Show crowds, incidentally, with his new Formula II single-seater, which is expected to be an outstanding competitor in 1,500-cc. racing next year.

Less well known, but well mounted, are Jean Lucas of France and Jan de Vroom of The Netherlands, who will drive Ferraris.

Against this thin, but redoubtable, European expedition, the United States will send a talented first team of drivers backed by a strong bench.

In the forefront will be Carroll Shelby, the angular Texan whose absolute domination of the Sports Car Club of America schedule was the big news of 1956, and Phil Hill, winner of last year's Nassau Trophy race, who is perhaps a shade slower than Shelby. Each will drive a Ferrari.

Master Gregory, the frequently very fast but unpredictable Kansas Citian who was the star of Nassau's inaugural meeting in 1954, will return, driving a Ferrari. The veteran Johnny Fitch will pilot one of Briggs Cunningham's D Jaguars, and young Bob Said will be at the wheel of a Ferrari.

These five Americans have all campaigned in Europe at one time or another. In the European season just past, Hill co-drove the winning Ferrari in the world championship Swedish Grand Prix for sports cars. Shelby will join the strong Italian Maserati team next June after making one of the road-racing fraternity's infrequent assaults on the Indianapolis "500."

Also from the U.S. will be such familiar drivers as Paul O'Shea (Mercedes 300SL), Jim Kimberly (Osca), Lou

Brero (D Jaguar), Dick Thompson (with the new fuel-injection Corvette), John von Neumann (Ferrari), Bill Lloyd (Maserati), Charles Wallace (300SL), Ernie Erickson (D Jaguar), Ed Crawford (Porsche Spyder) and Jack McAfee (Porsche Spyder).

If the entry list is loaded with hot drivers, the machinery they will handle is no less impressive: 21 Ferraris, six D Jaguars, four Maseratis, 12 Porsche Spys, and a sprinkling of 300SLs, Osca, Alfa Romeos, Corvettes, Austin-Healeys, Arnold-Bristols, Triumphs, Frazer-Nashes, Panchards, ACs, Coopers, Lotuses, Abartas, and one-of-a-kind specials.

Nassau's Windsor Field airport course is an invitation to the leadfoot—three and a half miles of long straights and fast bends on which Hill's 3.5-liter Ferrari last year averaged 98.2 mph in the feature 210-mile race. This will be the last year for Windsor Field. Next year: Oakes Course.

The main events next week will be the Governor's Cup, in two divisions at 20 laps each, and the Nassau Trophy, the 210-mile fixture. Cars of less than two liters displacement will race in the first section of the Governor's Cup, those of more than two liters in the second. Between Friday's Governor's Cup and Sunday's Nassau Trophy will be a spirited Saturday schedule of five-lap sprints especially for Jaguars, Porsches, Ferraris, the Bahamians and women drivers.

A new fillip this year will be a series of world-speed-record attempts from a standing start.

And if that isn't enough speed for the sporting tourist he can stay on for another week to witness the first international hydroplane regatta on the waters of Lake Cunningham. Fifty contenders will cruise the 2.5-mile oval Lake Cunningham course for prizes in six classes ranging up to seven liters. There will be speed trials, as well, on a mile-long straight course. Class B hydroplanes will churn from Miami to Nassau in a 182-mile opening event on Dec. 4.

Sun, sand and sea Nassau has in abundance, but in December these elemental attractions take a back seat to the piston engine, and on land and water speed is sovereign.

FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN NASSAU

by HORACE SUTTON

ON THE eve of the season, on Nassau's sunny expanse where soon the sports cars would be blating around the race course in high gear, the bars were for the most part still operating in low. But virtually everything else in the place was getting plastered. The British Colonial, that mammoth rock of English-Bahamian solidarity, which sits on the sea like a dowager empress, was a forest of scaffolding. It was undergoing its first major overhaul since 1926 and, lest the full import of that undertaking be lost on you, it is about like having Saarinen at work redoing the facade of Westminster Abbey. By now all the public rooms and half the guest rooms have been redecorated and air-conditioned.

Much the same has been happening at the Pilot House, a small and sporty place across from the Yacht Haven, the Nassau marina. Among other things the pool has been enlarged, with the choice rooms ringed around it in two decks. All told, now there will be 30 doubles available at \$18 to \$45 until Jan. 31, slightly higher thereafter. That tariff is for two in a room without meals.

Quite the most ambitious project in Nassau is the new Coral Harbour, a superelegant sanctuary created, its brochure says, by a "group of profound individuals" who wondered "where in this era of gaudy crowds in every familiar vacationland could a relatively small number of congenial people, who still held sacred the tranquil vista of unmarred beauty, build a recreational community? ... They have built it 12

miles from Nassau, about a 20-minute drive from the present airfield and half that from the new field which will be opened in the spring.

The whole thing has been done in a motif of redwood and turquoise, and the suites have large glass panels which slide open to the six-mile sea frontage. All this comes to \$50 a day for the suite for two, plus \$8 extra per person for two meals a day. Since it is to have the largest marina in the Bahamas, Coral Harbour will have a pub for yacht crews and a special lounge for yacht captains so placed that skippers will not be required to enter the pub. All transient guests, the management informs me, will be investigated for credit and character. More rigid scrutiny will be imposed on anyone who wants to

continued on next page

settle down there permanently on island lots, which are being sold now on islands in an adjoining lagoon.

Despite all this construction, the biggest hotel hereabouts—and certainly one of the most trig—is the Emerald Beach, built in 1954 by English capital and run on Texas know-how. Its clipped lawns fringe low buildings of Bermuda pink, capped with white roofs. The air is large, expansive and, incidentally, air-conditioned. Lunch, for instance, is served under canvas on an immense, screened terrace that looks out over the 1,629 feet of ocean front and a sea that is indeed emerald. The winter rate runs from \$40 to \$65 a day for two with breakfast and dinner (\$28-\$36 in summer). The \$40-a-day, or landside rooms have a view of the races at Hobby Horse Hall where the Bahamian ponies run Mondays and Fridays commencing January.

That ancient enterprise, the Royal Victoria, has added air conditioning to one of its rooms, and the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel will have a pool by late winter, despite the fact that it has a fine location on the beach.

Aside from this more or less formal hotel life Nassau is offering a number of appealing efficiency-cottage arrangements, notably at Palmdale Villas,

Cable Beach Manor and Sapphire Waters. A studio bedroom and kitchen will lease for about \$20 a day, and a full-time cook-baby sitter is hireable for \$17.50 a week. The local grocers will deliver, charge your account and all you do is settle up when you leave. Living this brand of sun-kissed Utopia, it would be handy to have a car. A minuscule Morris convertible costs about \$10 a day and all the miles you can drive. Should the daily fare of the grocers begin to pall, the runabout will take you along the waterfront where fishermen sell crabs, groupers, margate fish, lobsters and what is referred to as "red snoppa", sub."

The local colony insists that the best place to eat in all Nassau is Cumberland House, one block uphill from the British Colonial. There is an open grill for broiling steaks, and tables are set up in a green cement courtyard, shaded from the moon by a huge wizened avocado tree. It's reservation only, and you can expect to be relieved of anywhere from \$5 to \$5 each. Downtown Nassau, which certainly needed a spa or two in addition to Dirty Dicks, now has Blackbeard's Tavern which has flagstone walls, beamed ceilings and rest roomsmarked "rogues" and "wenches." Steaks are broiled outside on a barbecue and the late, or libation, crowd filters in after dinner to listen to George Symonette who, as far as I can deter-

mine, plays at as many different Bahama *boites* as a man is likely to visit in one evening.

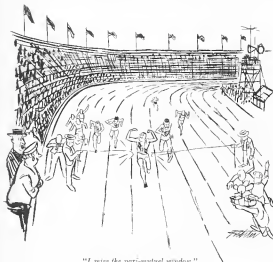
The late, late show will disport this winter at the Junkanoo, a brand-new nook across the street from Blackbeard's. Groupers and lobsters will swim in public pens until served on the Junkanoo's Nassau harbor terrace. The place stays open until 4 a.m., offering emergency rations of Bahama bouillabaisse, there being nothing—even Les Halles onion soup, old stiffs tell me—more remedial for approaching hangover than this stew of conch and hot peppers.

In the quarter known as Over-the-Hill there are a number of jive mills, among them the Tropicana owned by Paul Meeres who used to dance with Josephine Baker. The show is all Bahama bongo, played amid a décor of cutouts of hula dancers and metallic stars pasted on a black firmament. It is open until 6. Tucked away in the Ardastra Gardens is an iniquitous-looking den known as the Confidential Club. The band plays loud under a blue light, while turtles look down from the stone walls, and the air is dark enough to keep the most obvious secret secure. In the daylight, when things aren't so confidential, the Ardastra Gardens display the phenomenon of the marching flamingos. Well, they are marching flamingos, that's all, who do squads right and such under the command of a drill sergeant named Hedley Edwards who obviously speaks flamingo. The birds parade at 11 and 4.

In case anybody gets up during the day, the Nassau shops offer an assortment of merchandise that is probably less than St. Thomas and more than Jamaica, the best bargains being in liquor (Scotch is \$3.50 a fifth) and perfume. I jotted down some price comparisons on scent and it went like this:

	NASSAU	U.S.
Arpège (ounce)	\$11.50	\$25.85
Chanel No. 5 (ounce)	\$13.50	\$22
Joy (½ ounce)	\$18.90	\$27.50

Cashmere overcoats at \$150 and cashmere sweaters seemed to me to be not much of a bargain. Madras jackets at Vera's are \$29; shirts, \$7.50; walk shorts, \$8.95. There also is a large rambling straw market on the waterfront, tended by ample ladies who are only too willing to dispense slippers, handbags, horrendous hats, philosophy or a personal assessment. "Oh, boss," a straw lady was saying to me the other week—not without perplexity—"you looks very pros'prous, but you don't buy not-in." (END)



"I miss the pari-mutuel windows."

Sugar Ray Robinson grabs the tiger's share in his title defense against Gene Fullmer, and so it is

SUGAR FOR SUGAR

BEFORE television made it unnecessary for boxing to attract a paying gate, matchmakers strove for a contrast in styles to entice the customers in—and there was never a better billing than "Boxer vs. Slugger." It promised action, suspense and drama.

Well, there will be a contrast in styles on the night of Dec. 12 at Madison Square Garden, when Sugar Ray Robinson, world's middleweight champion, defends the title, finally, against Gene Fullmer, the Utah utility man. And the contrast will not be limited to fighting styles. A whole world of personality separates Sugar Ray, the man in the gray flannel Cadillac, from Gene, the simple Mormon copper miner. Sleek in dress and glib of speech, Ray has strolled the boulevards of Paris, staffed his entourage with a personal hairdresser and a personal physician, employed a court jester to amuse him, and in all other appropriate ways lived it up. They must have seemed appropriate, at any rate, to a fellow born to poverty in Detroit, forced to dance in the streets for pennies at the age of 8.

When George Gainford, his trainer-

manager, first saw promise in the young Robinson he presented him with \$25 worth of fighting equipment. Robinson, whose name was Walker Smith then, came back a few days later to report he had sold the equipment to buy food for his family. There is good reason for Robinson to prize the expensive and glamorous.

MAN WITH A MINK STRING

Gene Fullmer prizes nothing that Robinson loves. He likes his job as an apprentice welder in the Kennecott mines at Bingham, Utah. It pays him \$16.87 a day. He has not made up his mind to quit the job if he wins the title, hesitating because idleness between fights starts boxers on spending sprees to relieve their boredom. He has lived on his wages as a miner and salted away all his ring earnings. Out of them he has a bank account, a five-room house fully paid for (\$20,000) and the beginnings of a mink ranch. Marv Jensen, his manager and neighbor, owns 4,000 mink—palominos, pearls and other such fancy pelts—and Gene,

continued on next page



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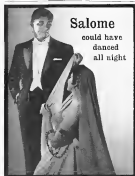
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SUGAR FOR SUGAR

continued from page 67

working for him during the breeding and pelted seasons, has been learning the trade. He owns 25 mink now, belongs to the local ranchers' cooperative and believes that in three years he will have enough animals to assure him a fine income.

As a Mormon, Fullmer neither smokes nor drinks, not even coffee or tea, and in Korea, at times when the only available liquid was coffee, he just went thirsty. He addresses a Sunday school class a couple of times a month.

Sugar Ray, who likes to have insight into the character of his more formidable opponents—it was such a help in the Bobo Olson fights—tried some conversational gambits at the ceremonial signing in Commissioner Julius Helfand's chambers. He wanted to draw Gene out. Ray was a picture of social ease in a rust-colored, short-sleeved sports shirt; Gene looked stiff and much too country-boy formal in a powder-blue suit, white shirt and tie. The gambits didn't work until Ray remarked, "I hear your brother's fighting." Brother Jay, who is 19, weighs 137 pounds and has won 70 of 71 amateur fights, will make his professional debut at the Garden on the night Gene hopes to win the championship. At the mention of a family matter Gene brightened and delivered an animated report on his brother, wife and baby daughter, all doing just fine. To a sophisticate like Robinson it may have sounded corny but Ray made the proper response. He congratulated Gene and said he and his wife had always wanted a baby girl.

Now, as to other contrasts in style, Fullmer is a man of simplicity who prefers the good will of his neighbors and welding crew to public acclaim. Ray has tremulously sought popularity throughout his career and once hired a public relations man to get it. But he has been handicapped by a manner which suggests superciliousness, a half-fellow-all-met demeanor and a reputation for crunching the bones of those he can get in a vise.

As, for instance, promoters and opponents. When it comes to contracts all Ray ever wants is everything he can get and in this fight he has almost all the money. He will take 47½% of the net Garden gate and 60% of the \$100,000 radio-television fee. Fullmer will be forced to exist on a trivial 12½% of the net gate and nothing whatever from TV or radio. His income, Manager Jensen points out, will be about

seven or eight percent of the fighters' take. From this you may deduct titles for the manager, the income tax and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to which Fullmer dutifully contributes.

Fullmer, in fact, will be fighting for next to nothing. He might have been willing to pay for the chance to win Robinson's title. He is that confident, so much so that he speaks about the future as if it were here.

"I'm 25 years old," he says. "That's about the right age for me to win the title and hold it for three years. By that time the mink ranch ought to be going well and I can retire to it."

There are solid reasons for this confidence. Fullmer is one of the strongest middleweights ever and his bruising style is bound to take its toll of Robinson, 11 years older. Seven years ago Robinson was brooding that he might be over the hill.

MAN BREATHING EASY

No one in the Fullmer camp gives much credit to Robinson for his comeback, which made him the only middleweight ever to win his title back after a substantial retirement. The comeback and the successful defense of the title, they point out, were made against Bobo Olson, whose number Robinson always had.

Still, Angelo Curley, training Fullmer, was impressed by Robinson's recent tune-up showing against Boh Provliziat New Haven. Curley worked Provliziat's corner for closer observation of the champion over the 10 rounds.

"I didn't see Robinson take a single deep breath," he said. Which was significant, because Provliziat pressed Robinson as much as he could. But Fullmer will press far harder.

"Of course we gotta take the fight to Robinson," Curley explained. "We gotta go out there and win it big, otherwise we're not going to win it at all. There will be some strategy involved but we are not going to try to hamper Fullmer's natural strength and willingness."

Those are Fullmer's assets and they are formidable. Robinson at his best was hailed in paraphrases of the old accolade to the smallmouth bass: "inch for inch and pound for pound the gamest fish that swims." Historically he belongs somewhere up with the alittle greats, a master of boxing and a true gamester. He still has his boxing knowledge and his fighting heart, but Fullmer is a far more impressive challenger than Olson was. Prognosis: too much heat for Sugar. (END)

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STAR-SPANGLED STORY

continued from page 23

I was disappointed with my distance but, man, I was nervous. My hands were sweating so bad I could hardly hang on to the handle." Then how could he win under such great competitive pressure? "Krivonozov," said Connolly, "was nervous, too." Another Russian, Anatoly Samotsvetov, was third, and like the remaining three finalists, Al Hall (United States, fourth), József Csermák (Hungary, fifth) and Kresimir Bacić (Yugoslavia, sixth), his throw of 203 feet 8 1/2 inches was well past Csermák's toss of 197 feet 11 1/2 inches which won the championship and set a record at Helsinki in 1952.

Then there was Bobby Morrow—and it isn't necessary to say too much about him. For one thing, despite his youth and the presence of such famed Olympians as Parry O'Brien and Bob Richards, this 21-year-old Texas sprinter arrived in Melbourne with perhaps the loudest fanfare and pre-Olympic publicity of any member of the great U.S. team. It is enough to say that, though 10 pounds underweight from a severe attack of virus when the team gathered on the West Coast to begin training in October, and 10 pounds overweight now after a slow recovery during which he lost a handful of warm-up meet races, Morrow won the Olympic 100-meter dash just as everyone knew he would.

Morrow ran four races, three heats and the final, and didn't come close to losing even one. He led to a time of 10.4 in the first preliminary, which was the best of that round. Two hours later, over a relatively slow track, he equaled the Olympic record of 10.3 and did it much more easily than Teammate Ira Murchison, who looked pretty good himself. In Saturday's semifinal he turned in another 10.3, looking over one shoulder, and in the final, racing smoothly into a strong and hindering breeze, he hit the tape in 10.5 with a yard of daylight showing at his back.

"To heck with the time," Morrow said, grinning (he didn't stop grinning for 30 minutes). "I just wanted to win."

Another U.S. runner, the 25-year-old Kannan Thane Baker, who picked up one silver medal in the 200 meters at Helsinki, got another one Saturday by beating out Australian Hector Hogan. Murchison saved fourth in a photo finish ahead of Germany's Manfred Gerner and Trinidad's Mike Agostini.

Everywhere you looked there were

continued on page 72



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STAR-SPANGLED STORY

continued from page 70

Americans, and the sound of *The Star-Spangled Banner* in the air.

Sunday in Melbourne was indeed a day of rest, but Squadron Leader Hicks must have had enough. On Monday when the competition resumed, his place was taken by the Australian Navy Band, and this body solved the problem of the national anthem the first time it came up: they only played *The Star-Spangled Banner* halfway through. Even so, they had to play it twice, for the 800 meters and the pole vault, but nothing they could have done would have taken anything away from the race. Tom Courtney ran this cool, windy afternoon, 10,000 miles away from his home in New Jersey.

Certainly through the first three days of competition Courtney and his 800 meters had to rank with Kuts and his 10,000 as the high point of the Games. Going into the finals, Courtney knew there were three men he had to worry about: his teammate Arnie Sowell, Audun Boysen of Norway and Derek Johnson of Great Britain. He knew Sowell and Boysen had great early speed and that he must stick close, very close, to them all the way, and he knew that should either of them by some chance fail to set a fast pace he would have to do so himself, for there was Johnson and his finishing kick.

So that is the way Courtney ran his race. He went out ahead at the gun and then when Sowell went around him on the backstretch of the first lap Courtney picked up the pace, too, and hung in close behind. A stride or two back came Boysen and Johnson, and in a bunch they hit the first lap in the almost phenomenally fast time of 52.8 seconds. In the same order they went around the turn and down the backstretch and into the turn for home, and it was then, as the four great runners straightened out in the race for the tape, that Courtney made his bid.

He moved out to the third lane to go around Sowell, forged ahead by a few inches, then a foot, then two. But suddenly there was a roar, and slicing in between the two Americans came Johnson.

"When he got a yard ahead of me there—I guess it must have been about 50 yards from the finish—I thought the race was all over," said Courtney much later in the dressing room. "I thought I had lost. I don't even remember what happened after that."

What happened was that Tom Courtney called up one last ounce of



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courage and drive from deep inside, caught the wobbling Johnson 15 yards from the finish line and then struggled ahead to win the U.S.'s sixth track and field gold medal of the Games by a matter of two feet. Boyesen outfought Sowell for third. There was only six-tenths of a second between the four runners. Courtney's time was 1:47.7 for a new Olympic record, as all four broke Mal Whitfield's once proud mark of 1:49.2.

There was nothing quite so dramatic about the Rev. Bob Richards' pole vault victory except that he beat a very good man in teammate Bob Gutowski and became the first defending Olympic champion to repeat here at Melbourne in 1956. Richards' height was 14 feet 11½ inches, which broke his own Olympic record by one-half inch but failed to achieve the 15-foot standard he has made over 100 times during a brilliant career. Gutowski vaulted 14 feet 10½ inches. The tall young Greek, Georgios Roubanis, who now goes to school at UCLA, was third.

Despite this onslaught by the U.S.A. on Olympic records, however, it remained for a dark-haired young Norwegian named Egil Danielsen to give track and field its first world mark. He came to Melbourne with the second best javelin throw in history, only a little more than three inches behind Janusz Sidlo's world record of 274 feet 5½ inches. Here, on his third-from-last attempt, the 23-year-old Norseman sailed the slim white spear out into the air far down the field past the line indicating the old Olympic record, past the line indicating the world record and into the ground, where it stood quivering at 281 feet 2¼ inches.

So finally the band director got a rest. No Star-Spangled Banner this time. In fact, there wasn't even an American on the victory stand: Danielsen of Norway first, Sidlo of Poland second, Taubalenko of Russia third.

There was one more final on Monday, and although it wasn't in the men's division at all it was probably the most important of the Games to most of the 100,000 in the stands, for it brought Australia her first gold medal. Blonde Betty Cathbert outlegged German Fraulein Christa Stubnick, who had a marked advantage when it came time to breast the tape but just couldn't quite get there in time, and Betty's teammate, Marlene Mathews, to win the 100 meters.

As far as Australia was concerned, at this moment, and not a second before, the 1956 Olympic Games became a success.

END



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

MONTANA TAKES ON THE ARMED FORCES

THE STATE of Montana last week found itself in a state of open war against the military mind, which, it seems, regards state game laws as something less than sacred. A month ago Montana took on the Air Force, last week the Navy, and it seems quite prepared to tackle anyone else should it become necessary.

Montana's first skirmish was with three Air Force colonels, a major and a captain. Last month they breezed into Great Falls Municipal Airport from the Pentagon and other places aboard an Air Force C-54, paid \$6 for resident hunting licenses instead of \$100 for nonresident ones and disappeared into the Seeley Lake country. Five days later all five were arrested by Game Wardens Jim Ford and Ray Thompson of the Missoula Fish and Game District and charged with making false statements on their license applications. Each officer posted a \$350 bond, left the state and subsequently forfeited the money. Then, last week, came word that five naval officers ranging from lieutenant to commander and all active at the Alameda Naval Air Station near San Francisco had tried a similar gambit with similar results. Unfortunately, by the time Montana agents had enough evidence to make arrests, the wayward officers, in spite of roadblocks, had retreated to California and could not be extradited. Montana, however, won the day. Under California law all five were arrested for illegal possession of game and, under

the federal Lacey Act, for transporting illegal game across state lines. A sixth man, a petty officer, was a bona fide Montana resident, but he had brought back an elk for one of the officers and was also arrested. The five officers mailed \$200 each to Montana, the luckless resident \$32.50. Whatever else may be learned from this unbecoming military conduct, one lesson is clear. It is cheaper to buy a nonresident Montana hunting license than pay the high cost of fibbing.

THE MARK OF A CHAMPION

WITH the same superb marksmanship which he used to become national 28-gauge skeet champion, Chesley J. Crites of Detroit last week smashed the most expensive pigeon of his gunning career—his own four-place Piper Clipper airplane.

While deer-hunting in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Crites, who is also president of the National Skeet Shooting Association, tied down at Blaney Park airstrip. When he returned to take off for home, his plane's starter failed. With the engine at partial throttle, Crites spun the prop by hand until it caught. But as he dashed for the cabin, he was forced to hit the dirt—the plane, lurching forward, broke its moorings and began ground-looping crazily around the field. Crites accurately plunked eight rounds into the runaway's crankcase with a borrowed Remington .30-06. The fusillade stopped the plane, but it also set it afire. Result: a total loss.



STANDOFF

ONE NIGHT last week in the Sussex area of New Brunswick, Canada, a deer-jacker picked up a pair of gleaming eyes with his five-cell flashlight and fired at them. Since jack-lighting deer is illegal, the hunter was not startled but frightened when an angry voice demanded: "What is the big idea of shooting my horse?" The

In Montana state fish and game officials war on the fibbing military. In Michigan a National Skeet Champion breaks an expensive bird, while in New Brunswick a deer-jacker shoots with strange result

jacker had shot a horse, all right, but its unscathed rider was in no position to press charges. Hitched to the horse was a freshly killed moose, and moose hunting in New Brunswick is just as illegal as jack-lighting.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

GDW—good dark weather, BW—blacked weather, S—snow, R—rain, F—freeze, T—temperature, SF—spotty flight, FF—fair flight, GF—good flight, EF—excellent flight, PG—poor gunning, FG—fair gunning, GG—good gunning, EG—excellent gunning, OP—outlook poor, OG—outlook fair, OGG—outlook good, OVG—outlook very good, SO—season opens (at speed), SC—season closes (at dusk)

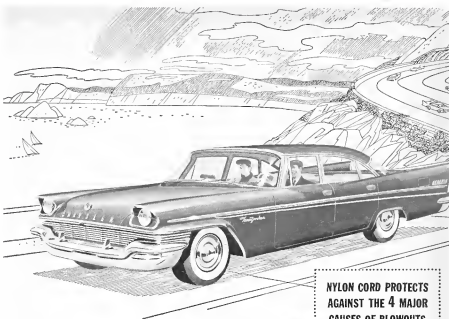
NEW JERSEY: FGG as main flight of Broad-bill and rafting on Raritan Bay, with only SF ranging south to Barnegat. FF of Brant on Great Bay, as most birds have moved through Barnegat Bay area. EF of Hare in Barnegat, but GDW needed. Look for upwing and OVG.

MARYLAND: EG of Hensons on Eastern Shore, especially at Kent Island, where most birds are being banded several times daily as hunters drift past. EF of Gulls and Blacks as late GDW moved in. EG after poor start now on Susquehanna River flats, and Chester River.

LOUISIANA: First half of split season ended last week, SO again Dec. 7, and OVG so goshky birds get rest and EF in progress. George Duet of Golden Meadow last week reported best hunt of his life and a new doing 30 days as penance. Judge Herbert W. Christenberry of New Orleans sentenced Duet for bagging 100 birds in one day (the limit is four), hunting without a federal duck stamp, hunting during closed season and hunting over live decoys. Christenberry, obviously a humanitarian, ordered that Duet should serve 30 days of sentence now, be released for holidays, then return Jan. 3 to finish off last 80. Since all Duet's ducks were conducted in the state, he is getting the full Christmas—like roan, maybe.

NEBRASKA: EG for Mallards along Missouri River with arrival of GDW last week. EG also reported in Kenner area on Platte River. EF/EG for Hensons and Blue Geese now along Missouri River, where the strengthening of a bond by Army Corps of Engineers has resulted in reclaiming river bottom for cornfields, and many geese which once moved down Mississippi River had switched to Missouri OVG.

OREGON: EF of Mallards and Pintails now winging into Willamette in spite of BW. Lack of rain makes ideal river and pond shooting, and numerous Pintails using stubble fields, where shooters report EG over field decoys. Main fight still to come, but OG. Summer Lake public shooting grounds estimates 400,000 Snows in area, but BW has them rafting on lake in daytime and feeding at night. EF of Mallards and Hensons in Klamath Falls area, but BW here also making high flyers out of most birds and FG will weather changes. Columbia River sportsmen report EF of Hensons and Mallards around bars and islands in upper river. Hensons congregating at mouth of Deschutes River and Rhinoceros, with morning and afternoon allorning EG as geese leave river and pump over bluffs on way to wheat fields; OG and will improve.



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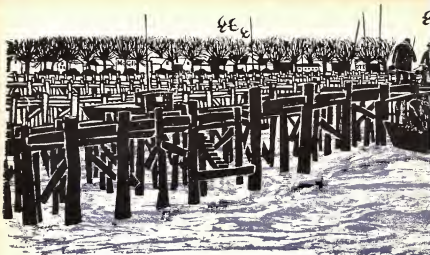
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DOWN TO THE SEA IN

IN DECEMBER the clear choppy days of the Atlantic are numbered. It is a time, more often than not, of dull, leaden skies, of chilling winds and sudden snow squalls, conditions that would flag the spirits of most sportsmen. Yet a hardy breed of dedicated fishermen make light of December's discomforts. Aboard careening World War II subchasers and converted yachts they file out of Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn, just a mile east of Coney Island, and head for the open ocean off Long Island or the deeps 10 miles off the New Jersey coast. With a salami sandwich in one hand, a \$10 rod in the other, they belly up to the rails for what to them is the most absorbing and fascinating fishing in the world.

These are deep-sea party-boat fishermen, a salty, sometimes sad, almost

always deadly earnest group who manage to flourish despite the scant formal attention accorded them by sport fishing parists. Like their compatriots out of Boston and Brielle, San Francisco's Embarcadero and Seattle's Elliott Bay—wherever there is a harbor near a big city—they are year-round fishermen. Long before dawn they begin to make their way to Sheepshead by car and by bus. They come from north Jersey, Westchester, as far away as upstate New York and western Pennsylvania and Ohio. Some rise at 2 a.m. in Harlem and The Bronx, and go down to the sea in subways. They are bank clerks, barbers, cops, cab drivers, Park Avenue surgeons, Wall Street brokers and hooky-playing school kids. It makes no difference what profession. They are loyal to the fishing.

At Sheepshead Bay the boats are tied up at a seven-block stretch of piers along Emmons Avenue. Across the street is a fishy bazaar of tackle stores, bait stands, clam houses, beer gardens and noted sea-food restaurants such as Lundy's and McGinnis'. City sparrows battle with gulls for bait scraps and hunks of discarded fish, and on sunny afternoons Brooklyn housewives come down to buy fresh fish right off the boats in brown paper bags.

The almost motley assemblage of boats includes 60-footers; 35-footers; Navy patrol boats; yachts whose owners jumped overboard in the crash of '29; long, thin, cigarlike craft of awesomely narrow beam; round, melon-shaped Brooklyn luggers and Canarsie caravels. Some boast names as bold as the ships of the Royal Navy, such as





ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON REXA

SUBWAYS

There's nothing fancy about the party-boat fleet off Brooklyn's shore, but the straphangers love it, and the fishing is superb

by EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

the *Effort*, the *Rocket*, the *Glory*, the *Atomic* and the *America*. Others are content to be known as *Lady Low*, *Neptune's Girl*, *Rebel*, *Rascal*, *Sunshine* and *Saxel Piper*. All are ruggedly built and eminently seaworthy, but their adaptations for the party-boat trade are enough to send nautical purists reeling. On some, just behind the pilot-house, is a fun counter. Others have restaurants amidships. Several have what appear to be old-fashioned park benches screwed to their decks, and a couple, in the way of garish hot-dog stands, have pink neon signs mounted on the pilothouse, announcing their sailing hours.

Before 5 a.m. on the blackest, coldest winter morning the fleet is ablaze with lights. Anglers begin arriving by the carload, spilling noisily out of taxis

or trudging over from the subway station. They swarm into Wendeburg's Marine Tackle Store, that throws open its doors at 2:30 a.m. in the summer and not much after 4 a.m. all winter long, to buy knives and lines and leaders and crowd the counters of McGinnis' for the "Fisherman's Breakfast"—two fried eggs with French fried potatoes, toast or rolls, coffee for 50¢—"A lot of grown men are just like kids about fishing," declared a clerk in Wendeburg's. "They're so excited about coming out here they can't sleep. They're out here all night, roaming around out at Coney Island or sitting in the barrooms watching the midnight movies on TV."

As departure hour approaches, the fishermen begin to straggle across the street and select their boats. Crew

members of each craft are stationed at each pierhead, chanting like sideshow barkers above the pulsating roar of warming diesels. "Codfish and whiting this morning, fellas!" "Who's goin' on the Wabby for cods?" "Blackfish. . . . We're goin' after big blackfish!"

Fares run around \$5 (bait included). As each man comes aboard, he heads for his favorite spot and lashes his rod and a burlap potato sack to the railing. According to custom, the width of the sack is thereby his reserved fishing spot for the rest of the day. By sailing time, the boats, low in the water and bristling with dozens of rods, resemble some queer species of water beetle.

One fall morning recently the author kept an appointment he had made

continued on next page



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DOWN TO THE SEA

continued from page 77

with Captain Fred Wrege, owner and skipper of the *Effort*, one of the largest and fastest party boats in New York harbor, and one of the most highly regarded captains in the Sheepshead fleet. Wrege is a tall, strongly built, red-faced man, and this morning he was wearing heavy slacks, a tan sports shirt and a white yachting cap with "Captain" printed in gold letters above the visor. He has been sailing out of Sheepshead Bay for more than 40 years. The *Effort*, a 111-foot World War II subchaser, is the fifth vessel by that name he has commanded since 1915.

Wrege's knowledge of the ledges, banks, shelves and ridges within 50 miles of New York where fish are known to congregate is probably unequaled, but his specialty has become wreck fishing. His admirers credit him with keeping track of every scow, steamer, fishing boat and freighter that has gone to the bottom off Jersey or Long Island in the 40-odd years he has been fishing. He is said to remember just as well the locations of the hulks of a lot of schooners and side-wheelers he heard about from his elders. "He's the old master," a friend of his said recently. "He's got dozens of wrecks staked out, and he fishes them alternately, resting them now and then, just like a farmer does his fields."

As befits his exalted station, Wrege maintains a rather lofty, disdainful air toward his customers. A skeptical manner, a gruff foghorn of a voice and a remarkable talent for blunt, profane speech keep even his "regulars" at bay. While his crew is drumming up business and warming up the *Effort's* diesel, he sits at a back table in McGinnis', drinking coffee and arguing with other captains until a few minutes before sailing time. Then he stalks across the street, shoulders his way aboard without a greeting and mounts the steps to his pilothouse.

"Are we goin' to get any cod today, Captain?" one intrepid customer asked through vaporized breath on this frosty morning.

Wrege regarded him coldly. "How do I know what you're going to get?" he growled. "I'll take you to where there's fish. Just because you show up with a rod and a hunk of clam you think I'm going to guarantee they'll bite for you?" He continued haughtily to the pilothouse.

The angler ducked his head and grinned. "Pardon me for living," he

said. Another fisherman nodded. "That's what he gets for taking the old man that kind of question."

The stars were still out as the *Effort* backed away from the pier and headed out through Rockaway Inlet, following in single file behind several other party boats. Once clear of the breakwater, Wrege broke away from the others and set a course to the east. "I'm goin' down off Fire Island to a wreck I know about," he muttered. "I'm the only one that goes down to it. Some people like to fish in their own backyard but I like to get off a bit."



When the tide and temperature are just right it'll rain fish around some of these wrecks."

The stars faded away and then the sun's rim burst out of the sea and climbed quickly into the sky. Wrege opened his throttles and ran away from the land. There was a slight chop from a southwest breeze and the one-time subchaser heeled over stylishly. In the daylight it was possible for the first time to see clearly the *Effort's* passengers. Some had sought shelter on the lee side from the damp, chilly sea breeze and were warding off the cold with swigs from flasks and bottles. A good many, however, were already methodically working away at their tackle.

They were dressed in a wide variety of fishing ensembles. Some wore GI combat clothes, even to combat boots.

Others were bundled up in sheepskin coats. One man at the port rail had on a Navy woolen watch cap, tattered yellow polo coat and trout waders. Another was attired in a blue serge double-breasted business suit and fedora hat. A length of store twine had been passed through a hole punched in the rear brim and led down his back to his belt to prevent it from sailing off into the ocean.

Captain Wrege commented on the number who were wearing rubber overalls and windproof and waterproof parkas. "There's one reason winter deep-sea fishing is becoming so popular," he said. "During the war they developed all that stuff to wear on Atlantic convoy work and up in the Aleutians, so today a man can really dress for the weather. A fellow comes out here and freezes and then he notices that the guy next to him wearing that foul-weather gear is actually sweating. Soon as he's ashore he goes and gets himself an outfit. Used to be the only protection you had out here was extra suits of long underwear and the power to concentrate. I've seen guys down there on that deck fishing their heads off when it was so cold you couldn't hardly draw your breath." He pointed to a grizzled old fellow in a threadbare suit and cap. "That old party has been coming out with me for 25 years and I've never seen him in an overcoat yet."

"A lot of people get the idea there's a lot of wild Indians out on these party boats. My God, I get lawyers, doctors, dentists, teachers and judges down there every morning! They wear old clothes, and nobody knows who's the judge and who's the pants presser. That's the way they like it. All they want to do is be left alone to fish."

"We get people from Canada and the Great Lakes out here. They come here weekends from Pittsburgh over that turnpike. We get people from the prairies who've never seen salt water. They get to talking to the elevator operator at their hotel in New York and he sends them out here. They have a hell of a time."

The *Effort's* alternate captain, Charley Vandervoort, a wiry, red-haired young man wearing a blue flannel shirt and khaki pants tucked into knee-high rubber boots, joined us in the pilothouse, blinking the sleep out of his eyes. He'd been down in Jersey after strippers most of the night.

"We almost there?" he asked.

Wrege nodded. "The buoy's coming up now."

A huge whistling buoy suddenly appeared in the empty, heaving ocean

ahead of the boat. As its mournful sighs grew louder, the *Effort's* crew and fishermen went swiftly into action. Wrege studied some penciled notations on a chart, and, taking a bearing from the buoy, came around on a new course, watching his speed carefully. Vandervoort switched on the fathometer and sat down at the electronic scanner. The *Effort's* mate went forward with a bamboo flag buoy and stood, drenched with spray, at the bow, his eyes riveted on the pilothouse.

"Two," called Vandervoort, one eye on the minute hand of the pilothouse clock as it ticked off the time over the course and the other on the fathometer. Its moving pen had begun to trace a smudgy trail across the roll of blue-lined graph paper that reflected a continuous profile of the ocean bottom nearly 100 feet beneath the *Effort's* keel. "Ninety-eight," he chanted, watching the pen closely, "ninety-eight . . . 95 . . . 96 . . . 92 . . . 86."

"That's it," barked Wrege. His arm shot out of the pilothouse window. Instantly the waiting mate flung the flag buoy overboard. Wrege cut the engines and came around on a new bearing. Again he crept forward slowly, with Vandervoort calling the depths. Another marker went overboard and then the anchor. Wrege studied the waves of jiggly green lines dancing across the face of the scanner tube. "There it is," he said. "We're right over it." He motioned to the deck hands to snub the anchor line, then yanked a short blast on the *Effort's* whistle.

There was an abrupt splatter all around as the sinkers of the 75-odd fishermen aboard struck the water almost simultaneously. Silence settled over the *Effort* as the crowd, standing elbow to elbow, jiggered poles and stared tensely at the water. About a minute passed and then a voice cried out sharply, "Cod!"

Heads spun around as a bulky Negro in overalls and a blue ski cap hauled in, with a businesslike air, a big-mouthed, bulging codfish and dropped it in his burlap sack. Everyone fished with tremendous concentration, and in a moment flapping ling, blackfish, silvery whiting and more cod were being horsed out of the water all around the boat. There was a stir at the bow as Wrege's white-whiskered old party triumphantly hauled in a codfish as big as a small boy. An excited woman in green slacks, high heels and red woolen ankle socks got two whiting on one line. A youngster, fishing with his father, wrestled happily with a big eel.

continued on next page

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DOWN TO THE SEA

continued from page 79

Captain Wrege stood with his hands in his pockets and cigaret drooping from his lips, watching his customers with a satisfied air. "There's an old lumber steamer down there," he said. "The fish love it. They congregate around it and feed on all the little crabs and lobsters and sea worms that live in it. The little fish take shelter in it, and the bigger ones hang around and wait for them to come out and feed. The best wrecks are the ones the Government has dynamited. That opens them up and spreads them around. Wooden ones are good because they rot slowly and the marine growth gathers on them and offers the fish protection. We don't get many good wooden wrecks any more. Once in a while a coal barge or an old schooner.

"We used to think we knew all about fishing. Hell, we didn't know anything. In the old days you had a pride in you, so if you went bottom-fishing, you picked out a wreck or a ledge you knew about and you stayed there. Some days you caught fish and some days you didn't. Nowadays, with all this sound gear and these fast boats, we're all over the place. With that radio-telephone everybody yackety-yacks back and forth like a bunch of old women.

"That monofilament line that a lot of people down there are using has revolutionized fishing. The fish can't seem to see it. It makes a linen line look like a telephone cable and it goes down straight and comes up dry. The fish have lost the odds in this game."

As the morning slipped by, the rolling decks became a slippery shambles of tackle boxes, thermos jugs, bulging fish bags, blood, slime and bait bowls. Despite the close quarters there were few squabbles over crossed lines. Whenever there was a tangle, everyone pitched in to straighten it out with as few words as possible so they could get back to their rods. The only discussions arose when ling were swapped for whiting or when somebody hauled in a cod large enough perhaps to win the day's \$1 pool for the biggest fish caught. "I got three cod, four whiting and a couple of ling," cried a small, round cab driver, chomping excitedly on a dead cigar. "I'm really getting a bagful today."

"Keep going," called somebody farther down the rail. "Maybe you'll catch a mermaid!"

Toward noon some of the men left their places long enough to go below

to the *Effort's* restaurant, where a stout, pink-faced chef ministered to a dozen coffeepots and dispensed huge ham sandwiches and bottled beer. Others merely dug a sandwich out of a back pocket and held it in one hand while they tended their line with the other. A few quit fishing altogether and found a sunny spot out of the wind where they could lounge with a bottle of beer and gaze reflectively at the rolling billows and an occasional freighter plowing across the horizon.

Captain Wrege leaned out of the pilothouse window and watched them. "There's a lot of good fishermen in the city," he observed. "Some of 'em are out here every weekend. Others, like some of the big surgeons and judges, just grab a morning whenever they can. During the winter we get the tough



nuts who don't give a damn for anything but fishing. When it's warmer we get everybody. We get women, children, or a whole crowd of girls from some office who are just out for a good time. Most of 'em don't know how to fish and never will. We get guys that are crankier about their tackle than a millionaire after salmon. And we get guys that don't even fish—they just come out to look at the ocean and read the newspaper. They get a very peculiar expression on their faces. You can just see 'em saying, 'No wife, no kids, nobody from the office, no telephone. They can't get me out here. At least today I'm in peace.' The only time they don't come out is when there's a big snowstorm."

"Can't see to fish?" the reporter queried.

"Hell, no," bellowed Wrege. "That wouldn't stop 'em. The streets and roads ain't plowed and they can't get here."

(END)

FOOTBALL: THE VIEW FROM STANFORD

Sir:

This is not a hot-stove letter—we're just plain hot about the article concerning John Brodie and Stanford's recent loss to UCLA (SI, Nov. 12). It seems that Mr. Murray has joined the ranks of those misguided individuals who feel so sorry for "poor little" UCLA and are out to get those "nasty ole" Stanford Indians.

We are referring to those stomach crusaders who are continually heaping abuse upon Stanford for its recent stand against professionalism in the PCC. In causing the lone vote against the proposal of making guilty seniors eligible for five games, Stanford took the only ethical stand. Either they were eligible or ineligible; there can be no compromising of fundamental principles. It is absurd to have a player hall-eligible.

We have been urged by our administration to bear this abuse with a mature patience. We are sick and tired of turning the other cheek. We have had to endure taunts of "purity boys," "saints with halos," and, last but not least, Mr. Murray's denotation of "Stanford's simon-pures."

It might also interest Mr. Murray to know that there were a few apathetic Stanford students (3,000) who put up their poker chips and were unable to go to the library Saturday morning because they were chewing their heads off at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

We too are able to quote Shakespeare, as in "Lucky" Henry Sanders:

*If their purgation did consist in words,
They are sweetest as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
(As You Like It, Act I, Scene III).*

CHUCK BONWELL
MIKE FRANCHETTI
DAVID A. DUNCAN

Stanford, Calif.

● James Murray, a firm admirer of Mr. Brodie and Stanford's relaxed attitude toward football, asks, "What have I done that those dar'nt wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?" (*Hamlet*, Act III, Scene iv). And the editors add: If Stanford took the proper stand, which we believe it did, why should its undergraduate Indians be so self-conscious—ED.

MR. CAPER

FOOTBALL: TWO MUCH PRACTICE

Sir:

I have read with interest the investigation and recommendations made by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and also by the Big Ten (SI, Oct. 25). As a former letterman from the University of Illinois I am quite familiar with Big Ten athletics.

There's one feature that was not much touched upon in your report. I refer to a definite tendency among many coaches to require more hours of practice from the athlete than he can afford to give and still maintain his academic standing. I had a very good basketball coach, Ralph Jones, who required our time only from 4 to 6:30 p.m. each day.

On the other hand, there is a college basketball player working for me here now who had to leave one of the schools in the South because he had been required to practice from about 3:30 until almost 7 p.m., and when he got home he was too tired to study.

It would seem to me that the number of hours which coaches are permitted to require of the athlete should be definitely limited so that the academic staff will agree that these do not adversely affect the standing of the student.

E. A. WHILSFORD

Binghamton, N.Y.

HOT STOVE: THE MAN IS MAD

Sir:

When Mr. Saperstein suggested trading Roy Campanella for Smokey Burgess (19TH HOLE, Nov. 12), I could have been knocked over with a pin. Then he wants to trade Snider and Hodges. The man is mad, I tell you! Snider is not only a great hitter but an excellent fielder. The same thing goes for Gil Hodges.

What is this about trading Gilliam? He is not only a good hitter but a switch hitter as well, and can play two positions, left and second. He is always a dangerous man on the bases.

I like the team just the way it is. The Old Pros have got a few good years left.

PHILIP MCCAFFERTY

Honolulu, Hawaii

HOT STOVE: EVERYBODY HAPPY?

Sir:

Contrary to the opinion held by some of your recent correspondents (19TH HOLE,

Nov. 12 and 26), there is more to baseball-player trading than exchanging players you don't like for players you do. The club must consider, for example, whether it is building for next year, three years from now or six years from now; who has been offered, privately or publicly, as trade bait by other clubs; when and at what positions its farm clubs are going to produce; the peculiarities of its park (fast ball pitchers do well with deep center fields, as in the Polo Grounds; the Dodgers need right-handed hitters in Ebbets Field); the manager's ability in handling players—whether he's better with veterans or youngsters, with go-go guys or quiet types; the fan's reaction to tampering with familiar and well-liked players (as Frank Lane found out in St. Louis).

Keeping these considerations in mind, the club must try to correct its weaknesses by trading off from its strongest points. My own Braves, for example, need hitting, particularly in the leadoff spot, and we have the best chance to add hitting by filling in at our weakest-hitting positions, which are left field and second base. We can afford to trade our pitcher and a good young catcher (i.e., Crandall). Now it so happens that Cincinnati also has an extra catcher (either Bailey or Burgess), and furthermore, the Dodgers are desperately in need of a replacement for Campanella. But to get the catcher, the Dodgers will have to give up something, and it is going to hurt them plenty, because catchers do not come cheap.

Cincinnati is definitely cool on Post; likewise the Dodgers on Newcombe; the Braves are dissatisfied with O'Connell and Thomson.

Taking all the above factors into consideration and adding Pittsburgh's interest in trading Thomas or Shephard for Crandall, I come up with the following trade, which should solve the major problems of all three of next year's National League contenders: 1) Crandall for Thomas and Shephard, 2) Thomas, Thomson and O'Connell for Gilliam and Amoroso, 3) Buhl for Frank Robinson, 4) Bailey and Post for Newcombe and Fazio.

The Braves end up with a left fielder and a second baseman-leadoff man. The Dodgers get three right-handed power hitters and a catcher. Cincinnati gets two 20-game winners and a fair exchange in right

continued on next page

by AJAY



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Read How The New Konica III BREAKS THE PRICE BARRIER Of Luxury 35mm Cameras!

How can a camera rival \$1000 models in features and overall quality yet sell at a popular price? We started by incorporating every feature of the luxury camera, but questioned the need for "lens interchangeability". When properly designed, this addition would boost Konica III's price to over \$1000, yet a survey indicated it was a feature rarely used, even when paid for. Extra lenses are costly and changing them bothersome. We eliminated the feature, and Konica III's overwhelming endorsement by the experts is a tribute to the decision. In every respect that counts, this is the luxury camera that we took out of the expensive class. With it, you can do anything in photography!

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HOLE

continued from page 81

field. None has given up anything which would cause a serious lack in any area. Everybody happy?

RANDY TAUBENHEIM
Madison, Wis.

TRIBUTE TO A BOOKIE

Recently EVENTS & DISCOVERIES announced that Leo Schaeffer, known in the take-a-chance world as a bookie, had run afoul of the authorities in Winnipeg, Canada (SI, Nov. 12).

To us the news causes a pang of pain as sincere and acute as if this bookie were of our own flesh and blood. We didn't mean to say "bookie" with professional contempt, for to us, the thousands upon thousands that know him best, he is not only a gentleman gambler, but best of all a real man clean through.

There are some who believe in waiting until a chap passes to the bourne from which no traveler returns ere they give expression to his inner integrity. We like Leo Schaeffer primarily because we know the kind of man he is. We also know of his philanthropic deeds, never carried on his coat sleeve, which would fill a book. He is a living example of "We only keep that which we give."

RALPH RICHARDS
New Orleans

NASHUA VS. THE DANCER (CONT.)

Sirs:
Before you close the books on discussion of Nashua's merits, it might be apt to remind Jolene Boyd (19TH HOLE, Nov. 12) and other admirers of Native Dancer that two questions have to be answered to determine any competitor's degree of greatness: not only "What did he do?" but also "What did he do it against?" An unbeaten record means little if it has been achieved against obviously inadequate opposition.

A real horseman's first question, whenever a champion's name is mentioned, is not "How much did he win?" or "How fast did he run?" or "What weight did he carry?" The first question is "What did he beat?"

In the case of Native Dancer, the answer has to be, "Not much." Alfred G. Vanderbilt's gray, excellent performer that he was, had the misfortune to be the outstanding horse of a generation that provided few worthy opponents to test his mettle and, because of his injury as a 4-year-old, he did not race against enough horses of other generations to justify any conclusions.

His best opponents were Jamie K., an otherwise rather moderate horse who seemed to take a big jump in class when challenged by the "big 'un"; and Straight Fate, who might have been a real top runner without his stiff knee.

On the other hand, Nashua beat a number of worthy opponents, not only of his own generation, but also of the one before and the one after.

His own generation was the best foaled in the U.S. since the golden crop of 1945 (Clitation, Coalstown, Better Self, My Request, Billings, Ace Admiral, Bewitch, Miss Request, etc.). Nashua and Swaps alone would have been more than enough to make any crop outstanding. But the foals of 1932 also include Summer Tan, a real crack horse

when he is right (remember last year's Wood Memorial?); Traffic Judge, hard hitting and nearly always providing a top effort; Royal Note and Royal Coinage, a pair of brilliant juveniles never able to show their quality in later seasons because of injuries; Saratoga, a real danger if he did not fret himself into nervous prostration before the start; Sallor, a fine handicapper until he broke down, etc. And Nashua beat them all.

He also liked such of his able seniors as Social Outcast, Find and Fisherman, among other excellent performers, and some of his skilled juniors, notably the route-loving Riley and Third Brother in The Jockey Club Gold Cup, a tough 2-mile test which the former Belair Stud star won twice, something no horse has been able to accomplish since Dark Secret in 1933-34.

FRANK TALMADGE PHELPS
Lexington, Ky.

● Mr. Phelps, well-known contributor to *The Thoroughbred Record* makes a stout case for a stout horse—but, for the record, Royal Note, now at stud, defeated Nashua as a 2-year-old in the Cherry Hill Stakes, giving away three pounds. —ED.

HAUTE COUTURE AT PRINCETON

Sirs:

In reference to your portrait of the Princeton tiger at the Princeton-Columbia game a few weeks ago (S4, Oct. 29), I thought you might like to know how the Princeton tiger got his skin.

It is a couture creation, you might say, from the Paris salon of Revillon Frères.

Bill Briggs, this year's tiger, stopped off in Paris this summer while vacationing in Europe and was fitted into this costume. Briggs looks out through the tiger's mouth,



PRINCETON TIGER

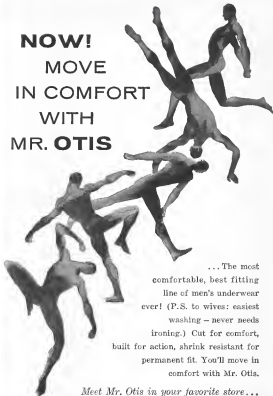
and gets additional ventilation through numerous bound perforations in the skin which are not easily visible.

Even so, it was easier for the 400-pound Bengal tiger who originally wore this skin to carry it around than it is for Briggs. He loses 14 pounds every football game but somehow manages to get enough of it back to keep it up through the season. Revillon donated the tiger skin to Princeton and expects it will outlast the next dozen Princeton tigers.

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The postmen is your grocery ham from Virginia, pheasant from New York or lobster from Maine.

AT THIS SEASON of good eating, there is available an ever-increasing variety of specialized foods for the holiday table and for Christmas giving—foods that are not available at the corner supermarket. The smokers of hams, the packers of wild rice, the raisers of such game birds as Cornish hens are doing a land-office business through the U.S. mails, suddenly one of the best ways of supplying a gourmet's table. For instance, from Saltwater Farm in Damariscotta, Maine you can order a New England clam-bake, and the lobsters are guaranteed

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to arrive alive and kicking on, or before, the date you specify, express collect. Lobsters and clams and rock crabs from the Atlantic are packed ready-to-cook in a metal canister in a barrel of ice. All you do is punch holes in the top of the container, set it on the stove, add salted water and cook for 15 minutes after steam appears. Eight live lobsters and a half pack of steamer clams are \$14.95. Twenty live lobsters are \$27.75, and there are many other combinations available. The railway reduces the barrel in transit as needed.

Another very unusual New England



VERMONT HAS WATER-GROUND BUCKWHEAT

GOURMET

Illustrated by Arthur Williams

specialty is water-ground buckwheat and wheat pancake mix, which comes, prepared by Sugarbush Farm of Woodstock, Vt., together with a jug of Ver-



PENNSYLVANIA SAUSAGE IS SPECIAL

mont maple syrup (\$2.25 plus postage for one pound of mix and eight ounces of syrup). The Ayres, who run Sugarbush Farm, also make a delicious, cracker-size bar of hickory-and-maple-smoked cheese, almost a foot long and weighing about a pound and a half (\$2.00 plus postage). And for a different tasting pancake mix there's Hiawatha, with wild rice, new to the food-by-mail market (\$9.50 for 12 one-pound packages in a case, Mille Lacs Maple Products Co., 308 Prince St., St. Paul 1, Minn.). It has the wonderful flavor of wild rice. From the



VIRGINIA HAMS ARE CURED FOR ONE YEAR

Pennsylvania Dutch country, near Lebanon, comes a very special, all-beef bologna, smoked in an 80-year tradition (\$3.50 for 3½-pound sausage, Weaver's, Box 525, Lebanon, Pa.).

Hams, smoked and cured according to the customs of the area, are probably the most popular foods available by mail for the holidays. One of the most famous of hams is the Smithfield (7- to 12-pound size, \$1.95 per pound, Smithfield Ham and Products Co., Smithfield 8, Va.). These hams are cut from peanut-fed porkers and cured by the three-century-old Smithfield method of dry salting, spicing and

continued on next page



weekend shopper



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MAIL ORDER GOURMET

continued from page 85

heavy smoking with hickory, apple and oak woods. The curing process requires about 65 days and the hams are then aged for more than a year. They are available uncooked or baked in wine. From Hill Hollow Farm, Far Hills, N.J. comes a ham hamper containing, in a wicker basket, a ham, together with jars of country mustard and ham sauce (\$17.50, 12- to 13-pound ham). The ham is sugar-cured,



JERSEY HAM COMES WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

then slowly hickory-smoked, and, since the curing process uses a minimum of salt, no parboiling is needed.

Wild game is very rarely available in the markets in America, because of the conservation laws—game has to be raised especially for sale. However, the George H. Shaffer market (673 Madison Ave., New York) specializes in fine and rare meats, sea food and poultry, and they frequently have game from around the world. For instance, smoked brook trout is available from them (\$1.50 per trout plus postage), as is Scotch grouse (\$5.50 each plus postage).

Smoked turkey is another holiday specialty—particularly fine for a buffet or a cocktail party—and among the best are the Catskill Mountain



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Victor Borge, that unmelancholy Dane has probably done more for the little Rock Cornish game hen than any single processor. These wonderful little birds (they weigh about 18 ounces), have a preponderance of white meat and a delicious flavor. They are shipped by special delivery, eviscerated, frozen and ready to cook, packed with dry ice in well-insulated cartons (\$11.50 for six, Vibro Farms, Southbury, Conn.). Borge also ships pheasant, likewise frozen and oven-ready (\$12 per brace).

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a brace) from the Hof Game Farm of Oakton, Va., which each year ships 5,000 pen-raised birds. They can supply birds in full plumage as well, with recipes (\$12 per brace).

Up in Dutchess County, N.Y. there is another game farm which specializes in game birds, with a particular emphasis on bantam pheasants, birds which are force-fed for about 10 weeks, then killed when they have attained a weight of about three-fifths of their maximum mature weight. Although smaller than normal, they are unusually full-breasted—one bird is large enough for two (\$8 a brace—a cock and hen, fresh-frozen, oven-ready, Deer Hill Hunt Club, Pawling, N.Y.).

—FRED R. SMITH



weekend shopper

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Putting thop talk aside, this group of top aerospace executives and government officials held an informal meeting of the exclusive Golfing and Tackles-Swinging Society and played their own tournament on the links at Pinhurst, N.C. Participant members (from left to right) are George Tompkins, president,

Oversea National Airways; former Army Secretary Frank Pace Jr., now executive vice-president, General Dynamics Corp., and winner of the tournament; Juan Trippe, president, Pan American World Airways; Eugene Zucker, attorney; Ramsey D. Potts Jr., attorney; Lewis C. Burwell Jr., vice-

president, Flying Tiger Line; Robert Prescott, president, Flying Tiger Line; John Dorrer, commissioner, Federal Communications Commission; James Duffin, chairman, Civil Aeronautics Board; Marston Bids, president, Miller and Lutz; and Colonel Harmer Deane, member, Civil Aeronautics Board.

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